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RAILROAD MAGAZINE

Adventurous Railroading and Rail Hobbies — Founded 1906

VOL. 94, No. 2 JUNE 1973

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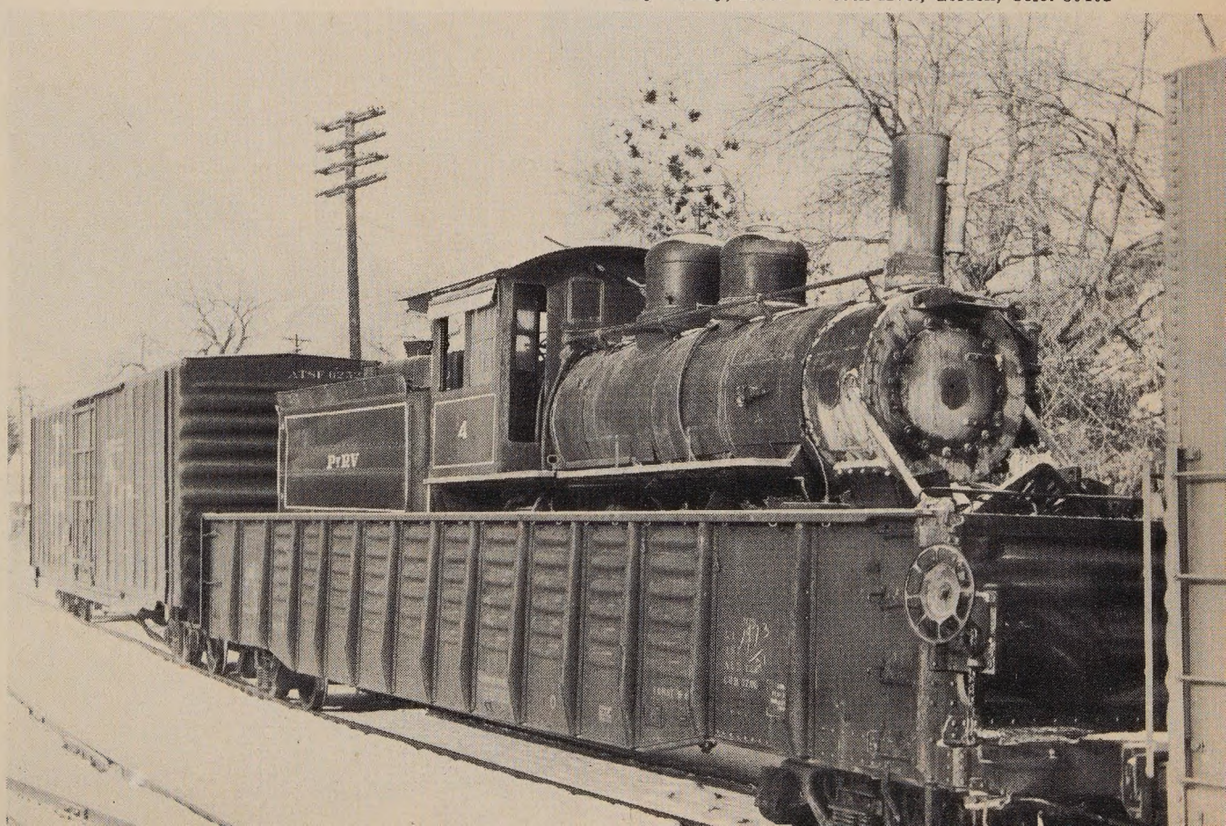


Newest addition to the Colorado Railroad Museum at Golden is a narrow-gage inside-frame 2-8-0 from the Potosi y Rio Verde Railroad in Mexico. The photo was taken in Golden.

THE MAIL CAR

where editors and readers meet

OUR COVER shows Donald Hallock, as conductor, refueling the authentic old pot-belly stove in the Strasburg Rail Road's open-platform, wooden-bodied coach *Willow Brook*. Don was president of the Strasburg when Gordon Roth made the photo some years ago but resigned later to head another tourist operation, the Wolfeboro (N.H.) Rail Road; and Bill Moedinger, one of our *Interesting Railfans*, now heads the Strasburg.

Built in 1913 for the "Ma & Pa," this car was used as part of Lincoln's funeral train in the MGM movie *Raintree County*. The steam-powered Strasburg is America's oldest short line, dating back 141 years, and is called "The Road to Paradise" because it serves the tiny village of Paradise in "Pennsylvania Dutch" Amish country, a 9-mile round trip through a land of unspoiled rural charm. Located near Lancaster, Pa., on route 741, it operates almost all year. Daily service, May 1st until Oct. 28th, with snack bar and gift shop.

"So load your camera, pack a picnic lunch, and spend an afternoon with us," Bill invites. "Where else could you turn back the calendar and relive the leisurely era of steam cars, those wonderful times before seat belts, screaming jets, smog, and income taxes?"

For a long SSE you can get a free 6-page schedule illustrated with 9 color-shots and a map. Address Strasburg Rail Road, P.O. Box 96, Strasburg, Pa. 17579. One of the 9 pictures is also on our current front cover. ●

CAJON PASS, which figures conspicuously in the story of this month's *Interesting Railfan*, is not very far from the home of Karl L. Parmenter, 2261 Pattiglen Ave., La Verne, Calif. 91750, who is still enthusing over our Cajon pictorial feature in our May '72 issue.

"For me," he writes, "those 3700's and 3800's, among others, were a familiar sight working the mountains over the pass. I've also seen Union Pacific 2-6-6-4's on *The Challenger* headed up the mountains. I disagree slightly with Ed Mahoney who said, regarding the Cajon track relocation, that the ascending grade on the east was not involved. Actually, both up and down trackage was involved. When the job was done, a special train out of San Bernardino, carrying Santa Fe officials and others, arrived for the dedication ceremonies about 11 a.m. Preceding it was a helicopter, which could be seen a few minutes before the train came in sight around the curve to the west. Many spectators were on hand with cameras, but your magazine hasn't published any of their photos." ●

NEWSCAST. The Reader Railroad apparently has been saved from destruction, reports Richard Allin. The Arkansas General Assembly, voting heavily in favor of the Reader, has authorized the state Parks and Tourism Department to issue revenue bonds to purchase the railroad and lease it to a nonprofit foundation for operation as a tourist attraction.

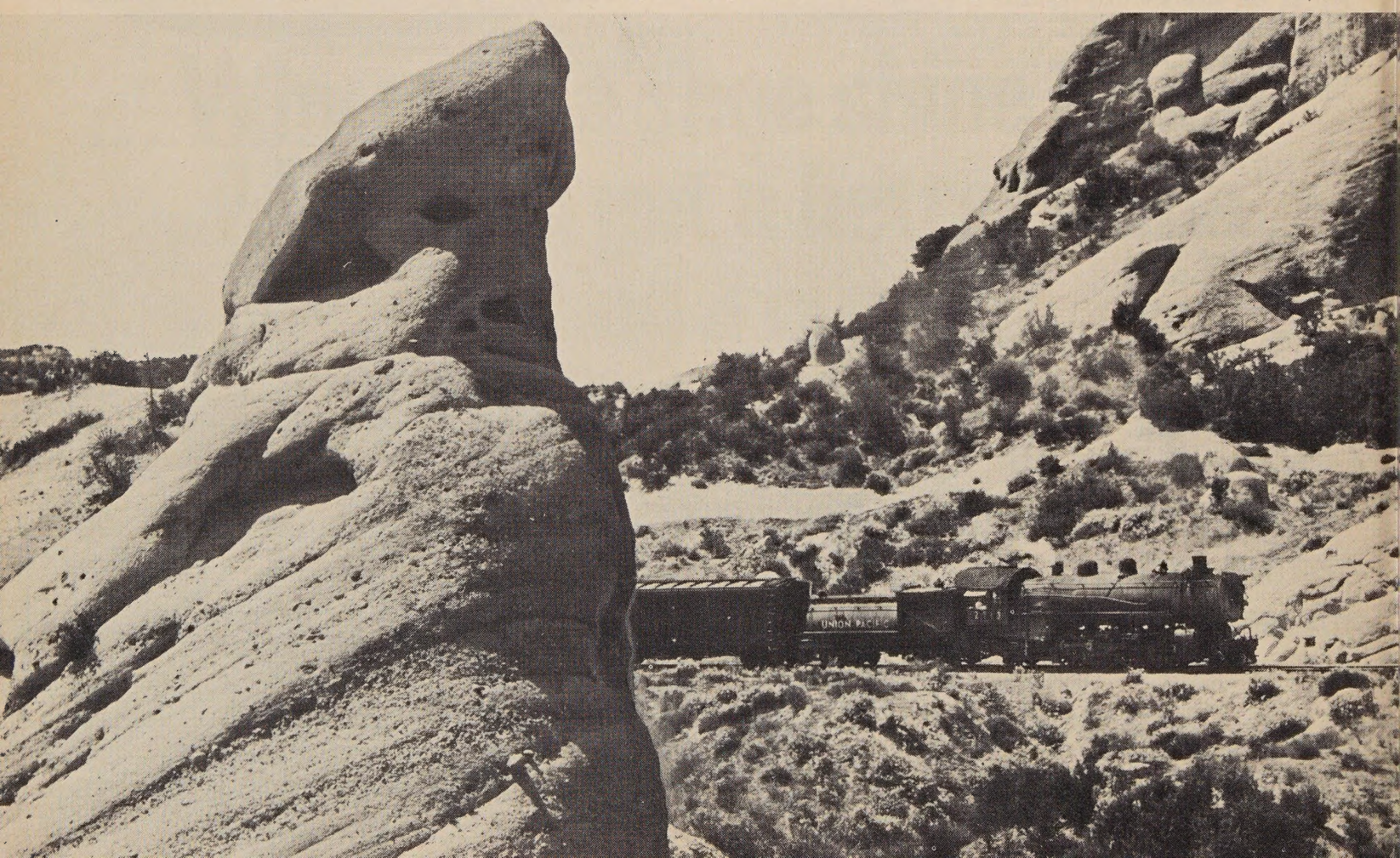
Railfans will rejoice at the news. It means that a fine collection of rolling stock, completely steam-powered, will be kept together in an operating situation. The Reader was the last all-steam powered railroad pulling mixed trains as a licensed common carrier in the U.S. and was a mecca for steamfans.

Mark Meyer said in April issue that the 4-8-4 and 2-10-4 shown in his photos were the only two steamers left on the Santa Fe roster. Actually, there are five more: 2-6-2 No. 1010, now in Los Angeles Shops; also No. 1, the *Cyrus K. Holliday*, and No. 5, the little *Buttercup* 0-4-0, both stored in Topeka Shops with two other steamers on which I have no details.—Michael Beene, a Santa Fe stockholder (no address).

Two homes burned to the ground in

Photograph by late Herbert Sullivan

Union Pacific Mikado No. 2713 labors with freight along tortuous trail leading through storied old Cajon Pass.



Venice, Illinois, while fire department trucks waited at a railroad crossing blocked for five minutes by an Illinois Central Gulf freight train. "Five minutes is a long time to wait," said Police Chief Ralph Brawley. "Let a fire go for five minutes and it gets out of hand." He added that the fire-fighters could do nothing while the long train rumbled across the street about six blocks from the burning houses. Under state law, trains are permitted to block crossings for up to ten minutes.

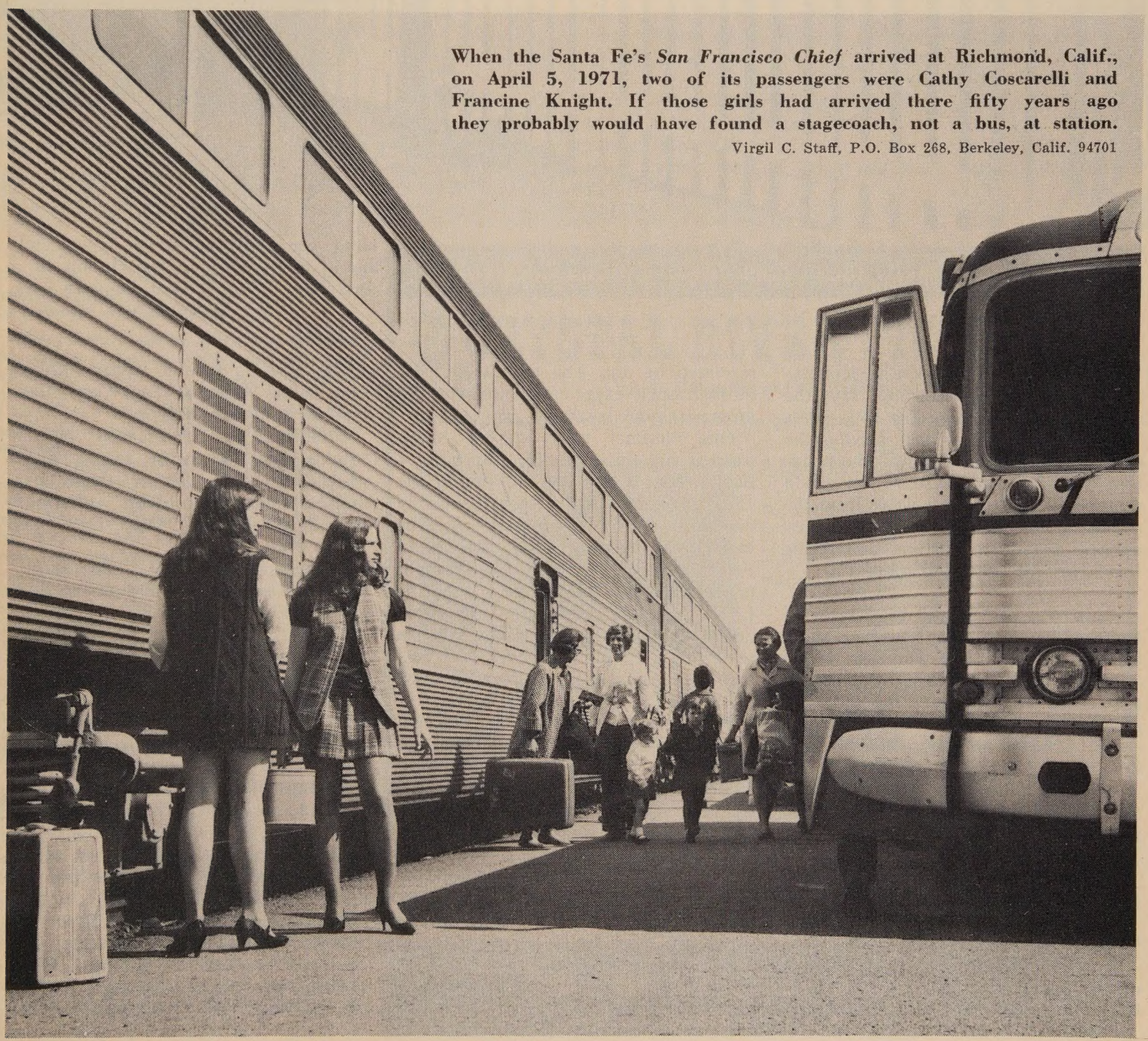
In the very old days it was common practice for trains to stop and wait at certain stations while their passengers gulped down quick meals. Even today many buses make toilet stops. But here is news. One day last February when a Penn Central train was running from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, the conductor announced that it had no restroom aboard but would make an emergency stop at Coatesville, Pa., if any passengers needed such service. Some did, and it stopped.

A better picture of the future of railroading in Maine should result from a study now being made for the Department of Transportation by a firm of rail engineering consultants. Its analysis and evaluation will cover freight service, traffic mix, etc. From data gathered, the firm will project such factors as merger possibilities, likely petitions for abandonment, and chances for passenger service restoration. All 8 of the railroads now serving Maine are involved. We'll be watching the results.

Although relatively few Americans seem to like the way the nation's railroads are being run, they oppose, by 44-38 percent, letting the government take them over, according to the latest Gallup poll.

Forty-one new auto-carrier railroad cars are being leased by U.S. Railway Mfg. Co. to Auto-Train. These cars were bought from the Canadian National and reconditioned in Chamblee, Ga. Their delivery this spring brings Auto-Train's total number of such cars to 69. Auto-Train provides daily service between terminals in Lorton, Va. (near Washington, D.C.), and Sanford, Florida. Passengers' autos are loaded into the fully enclosed cars and travel with their owners. U.S. Railway Mfg. Co. has 17,000 railcars presently on lease to railroads and shippers.

Despite the rash of bankruptcies in the East, the Western railroads for the most part are doing well—their freight business, that is. For example, Burlington Northern reports 84 percent increase in income in the past two years and foresees "a continuance of this upward earnings trend."



When the Santa Fe's *San Francisco Chief* arrived at Richmond, Calif., on April 5, 1971, two of its passengers were Cathy Coscarelli and Francine Knight. If those girls had arrived there fifty years ago they probably would have found a stagecoach, not a bus, at station.

Virgil C. Staff, P.O. Box 268, Berkeley, Calif. 94701

Economy-minded officials of the British Railways wanted a short form of the name for platform tickets saying only "Llanfair P.G." Welsh patriots defeated it. A six-inch ticket now reads "The Church of St. Mary in the Hollow of a White Hazel, Near to a Rapid Whirlpool and to St. Tysilio's Church, Near to a Red Cave." That's what the sign says.

British Railways Photograph

Ken Patton, New York City economic development administrator, says the city has been planning for four years "an integrated rail system serving the entire Brooklyn waterfront." The intention is to develop a system that would remove 20,000 trucks a week from the streets of the city. Recently the city opened a rail freight line connecting Brooklyn with mainland routes.

April was one of the best issues of *Railroad* I've ever seen. Let's have more reprints of tales like Haywire Mac's "Twilight of the Boomers," which made me realize what has been missing in so many recent copies of your magazine. —Bill Church (Missouri Pacific conductor), 512 55th Terrace, North Little Rock, Ark. 72116. (*Ed. note*: friends of the late Haywire Mac will welcome a new release by Folkways Records, 701 7th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10035 a 12″ LP album of songs sung by him, plus a descriptive pamphlet.) ●

TWILIGHT OF THE BOOMERS is great stuff. For readers in my generation, that narrative from a 1929 issue is no repeat. Give us more, whether reprinted or not. The men who lived through such experiences are, for the most part, gone forever.

One oldtimer who enjoyed Mac's story is my uncle, F. M. Burkhart of Baxter, Ky., who began working at age 15 as a Louisville & Nashville gandy dancer in 1915, later braking for the Norfolk & Western, L&N, and Santa Fe, railroading through this "twilight of the boomers." Mostly he was on the L&N's Cumberland Valley Division, definitely "home guard" territory. While reviewing a couple of old seniority rosters from that division he recalled some of the men he used to know there.

For example, engineers: O. R. "Rags" Weaver (who wore multipatched but clean work clothes) one of the most colorful "eagle eyes" to jerk a throttle on the CV J. H. "Scorch 'em" Marcum (on the carpet over a burnt crown-sheet, said he just "scorched" it a little); L. N. "Pig-Iron" Cridlin (used Johnson bar to give slack in making a drop; could shake down a ten-hundred's grates by using both levers at once); Paul "Stack-buster" Fraley (didn't "own a bolt in 'em"); and Frank "Galoper" Rowlett (could really make the J class 2-8-2's turn a wheel). Others were called "Hook," "Pee Wee," "Jake Hound," and "Paddlefoot."

Firemen: J. C. Jackson became "Stoker Joe" when he lost a finger while examining one of those new-fangled mechanical stokers. Others answered to "Skeet," "Snap Eye," and "Soup Bone."

Brakemen: Albert J. "Tombstone" Selvy (sold grave markers on the side) and Claude S. "Black Satchel" Davidson (worked some for the Interstate, which was dubbed the "Black Satchel"). Others were "Snake" (when he began to preach and handle serpents); "Ox Eye," "Round Head," "Corset Back" (walked crisply and ramrod straight); "Flat Wheel" (walked with limp), and "The Busted Air Hose" (quite windy!).

Conductors: "Cap'n" Joe Doody (along with "Cap'n" Bob Harris of the Eastern Kentucky Division, one of the most popular skippers on the Old Reliable); Robert F. "Chief" Hughes (also called "Podunk"); Fred. L. "Shorty" Harris (about the tallest man on the CV); Earl C. "Chippy" Willis (talked very fast and precise); R. Carrington "Big" Hall (a big fellow). Oth-

ers were tagged "Tack Head" (small-headed), "White Rat" (very light-complected), "Tubs," "Spider," and "Crow." Yes, the old CV Division had some colorful men.—Greg Whitaker, 135 S. Highland Ave., Winter Garden, Fla. 32787. ●

ILLINOIS CENTRAL GULF is toying with the idea of electrifying its heavily-used lines, according to its president, Alan S. Boyd. He says some roads may soon be using much more electricity as a source of power than at present, due to the rising demand for transportation and new problems with fuel supply.

As Boyd sees it: "Such trends as our heightened consciousness of the world around us, the all-out search for energy self-sufficiency by the U.S., the forthcoming Land Use Policy, and the rising demands for electricity and transportation—all add up to my conviction that more intensive electrification of U.S. railroads is likely in the not-too-distant future. . . . And because it strikes me as simpler to control the generation of energy at central points, I believe closer relationships between railroads and the power industry are inevitable."

EUGENE C. SHAFER, operations controller with the Grand Trunk Western, has inherited from his grandfather an Omaha, Kansas City & Eastern book of rules dated 1897, which advises conductors:

News agents will be allowed only upon passenger or mixed trains, and only one upon any train . . . In case of gross misbehavior, the conductor must put him off the train at the nearest station and report his action to the superintendent.

They must pass quietly through the cars and offer their wares in a respectful manner. They must not be permitted to sell immoral, obscene, doubtful papers, nor other such literature, nor prize packages of any kind.

Conductors must see that there is a sufficient supply of fresh, cool water in coaches; that the lamps are kept burning brightly and that proper temperatures and ventilation are maintained, and at division or terminal points where car cleaners are not employed, and while on the road must see that the trainmen clean the coaches and put them in such condition as will insure the comfort of passengers. ●

PERSONALITIES. Realizing that his social drinking had become too heavy for his own good, says the Associated Press, a Bostonian (name withheld) decided to do something about it. So after work each day he walked to the railroad station, boarded a train to Providence, R.I., and returned home by the next train. No liquor was served on either train. The jaunt took a little over two hours and got him back into town after the traditional cocktail hours, thus eliminating his biggest temptation. This roundabout method worked so well that after a few weeks he quit drinking entirely.

Union Pacific has created a new job, supervisor of enginemen's training, and given it to Al B. Ziegler, who has 37 years of seniority in engine service. Now Al is responsible for the training of all enginemen the UP hires.

Joseph F. Jastak, a psychologist of Wilmington, Del., is alive today due to the quick action of Bobby Freeman, a Penn Central ticket clerk in that city. The former was buying a ticket to Philadelphia when he collapsed from a heart attack. Bobby leaped over the counter, got help to lift the stricken man onto a bench, and began external heart massage. Although the psychologist had no pulse and witnesses thought he was "gone," Bobby continued the first-aid treatment until an ambulance came. According to the doctor, that first-aid saved the victim's life.

No more chalk! For 32 years Lou Polini patiently chalked the arrival and departure times of trains on the information board at the Penn Central terminal, 30th and Market streets, Philadelphia. Now the U.S. Department of Transportation is installing a new $37,000 electronic information board like those used in some other big terminals. Instead of chalk, Lou will press buttons. It's a lot easier.

Bill Morgan, one of our photo contributors, works for the U.S. Fleet Weather Facility in Iceland and is stationed about 75 miles from Vestmannaeyjar. Due to a recent volcanic eruption, all residents had to leave the town with personal belongings, stock from their stores, and heavy equipment. Bill spent four days helping in the evacuation. Says he, "It's an experience I will never forget".

A Nebraska grain man, fed up when the Chicago & North Western quit running trains through town, is looking around for three used diesel locos so he can start hauling farm crops to market himself. Bob Steinheider, of Goehner, Neb., is president of Great Plains Railway Co., newly formed to buy 90 miles of track abandoned by the C&NW last Dec. 28th.

When did New York Central intro-

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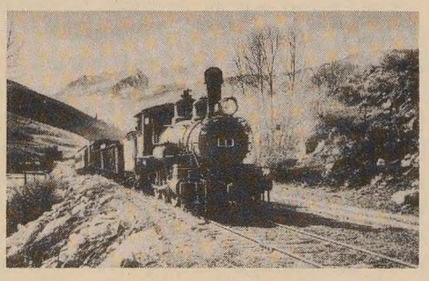

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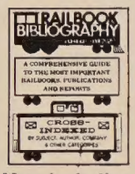

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I thoroughly enjoy the anecdotes and other human interest material that are a mainstay of *Railroad Magazine*. They help to preserve the flavor of oldtime railroading.—Charles Kilbourne, 14038 Willoughby Rd., Upper Marlboro, Md. 20870. ●

ONE of the very few female train dispatchers anywhere is Lois Watts, age 38, of 1334 Orchard St., Wenatchee, Wash. Her husband, Bill, also is a train dispatcher. They both work for the Burlington Northern at Vancouver, Wash. Recently Lois completed a probationary 60-day period directing train operations on part of the Portland Division. An Associated Press story about this remarkable lady includes the following details:

When Lois' railroader husband has a day off, chances are she'll be the person called to fill his job, a position involving the safety of 75 to 100 other workers and responsibility for $50 to $70 million worth of railroad equipment.

"There are only two or three women train dispatchers in the entire nation," says chief dispatcher Bob McCartney, "and Lois is the first in the Pacific Northwest." Our railroad has another gal dispatching at Missoula, Mont. She works regularly as a telegrapher in the Missoula yard, but has been a fully qualified dispatcher for about two years. Like Lois, she's called as an 'extra' to fill vacancies as they occur. So far as I know, Mr. and Mrs. Watts are the only couple working as train dispatchers."

Lois hired out as an extra telegrapher in 1960 at Wenatchee, where she and Bill were married five years earlier.

"To be a good dispatcher," says McCartney, "you must know virtually every aspect of running a railroad and it is essential to relate well to other people because of the complexities and tensions on the job."

In an average work period Lois governs the movement of up to 15 trains. Many are pulled by 3 or 4 diesel locomotives each worth about $300,000. A string of 70 freight cars worth up to $30,000 each adds perhaps $1.5 million more to the value of the train's equipment.

Dispatchers at Vancouver work in isolated, acoustically-balanced control rooms with carpeted floors. Four always on duty, each controlling parts of the division's trackage with the aid of control panels and continuous telephone or radio contact with as many as 10 to 15 telegraphers or operators at distant control points. ●

CEBU CITY, second largest city in the Philippines, which is almost always mentioned in our *Pen Pals* section, is famous for its pretty girls, according to an article by Tom Emch in the *San Francisco Examiner* which railfan K. G. Scott, Ph.D., a professor emeritus of experimental radiology, San Rafael, Calif., sent to us. Here are excerpts from that article:

"The girls of Cebu have music in their bodies," I had been told in Manila. "They sing of love because it is beautiful."

Cebu is an hour's jet flight south of Manila. It is an accepted fact in the Orient that the Filipinos are beautiful. They have the blood of many peoples. First came the Chinese traders. Then Magellan and the Spaniards. Then came the American soldiers, and in 1941 the Japanese soldiers. All of them found the Filipinos wonderful, and their children have retained the best characteristics of all the invaders:

The girls are gentle, small-boned, and slender, with straight dark hair, and slightly mysterious eyes; they smile beautifully and display some of the whitest, straightest teeth in the world. Add to this a golden brown body to sway naturally to a drum beat or a guitar and you have a young girl from Cebu City. ●

OLD DAYS. New Jersey once had a "bicycle railway." It was built in the 1890's and carried its commuters from Mount Holly to their jobs at Smithville, two miles away. Cars with bicycle-like wheels fore and aft rode on a single rail mounted on four-foot-high uprights, and were pedalled by the riders. A right fast trip took seven minutes at most. Who can tell us more about this railway?

Penn Central has applied for permission to abandon, among other trackage, its line between Hamburg and Schuylkill Haven, Pa., once an important part of the Schuylkill Division mainline. Much right-of-way was carved out of solid rock. My father spent many years as brass pounder and train dispatcher on that division when it had a dozen passenger trains a day and numerous freights, all controlled by manual block. How well I remember those large hand levers that operated from various block stations, which in turn actuated the "home" and "distant" semaphores and the passing sidings. In my teens on that division I was a student trainee in manual block, dispatching, and Morse telegraphy. I want to hear from readers who recall those bustling days on the Schuylkill Division. —Art Honsberger, (member of the NRHS), 3419 Oak St., Laureldale, Pa. 19605.

In the early 1900's, when I was employed by the New York, Ontario & Western at Norwich, N.Y., the railroad

boasted a white fox terrier, named Dewey, after the admiral who won the Battle of Manila Bay. Norwich had a large machine shop, a roundhouse, and a yard. Dewey would spend some time cleaning one area of rodents, then he'd hop a freight, off to new adventures. All the train crews knew this little dog and put him off at various stations infested with rats, but he came back eventually to Norwich. One day he never returned, I don't know why.—Willet R. Hauxhurst, 2657 Cropsey Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11214. ●

HIGHWAY HAZARD. Editor Freeman Hubbard made a telling point in your April issue in writing that the automobile would have been outlawed before the first one was produced and sold if it had been known in advance what an extreme menace to human life it would be. But it is even worse of a killer and maimer than Mr. Hubbard states. According to Claude S. Brinegar, Secretary of Transportation, in a press release from the Highway Traffic Safety Administration dated March 7, 1973: "Highway deaths in the U.S. last year were at a record high, estimated at 56,300, a 3 percent increase over the 54,700 killed in 1971." This is more than 150 deaths a day!

I don't have the latest figure on injuries in highway accidents; but the figure for 1971 was 4,983,000, published in Insurance Information Institute's *Insurance Facts*. If anyone wants to learn more about what motor vehicles do to this country, I recommend a recent book, *The Death of the Automobile*, by John Jerome, former managing editor of *Car and Driver* magazine. Published by W. W. Norton Co., 55 Fifth Ave., New York City, has 288 pages, it is illustrated and indexed and sells for $6.95.—Otto Janssen, managing editor of *Passenger Train Journal*, 29 E. Broad St., Hopewell, N.J. 08525.

Your April comments on the automobile were enlightening. The last time I drove a car was many years ago. When my foster father died, we sold it. Since then I have had no desire to drive. While taking railroad photos I travel by rail.—Bob Storks, 1421 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. ●

CANADA HEARD FROM. Already boasting one of the best safety records of any major railway in North America, the Canadian National is stepping up its accident-prevention program still further. A new computer-based info. service, installed Jan. 1st, yields details not only on what has actually happened but also indicating where problem areas exist, to suggest corrective action. Among other measures, CNR is spending $220 million a year in capital and operating funds to maintain and upgrade rail lines and other operational facilities. CNR is in its second year of a 5-year program of rock stabilization in the Rocky Mountains to prevent slides. Besides round-the-clock track patrols, it maintains anti-slide fences along the right-of-way in certain mountain areas.

CNR is financing the erection in Toronto of the world's tallest tower, the 1805-foot communications and observation structure that is being built on the waterfront. The tower is scheduled for completion next year. It will soar 57 feet higher than the Ostankino Tower in Moscow, the present world record holder, and will dwarf the 1472-foot Empire State Bldg. in New York and the 984-foot Eiffel Tower in Paris. It is part of a planned $1 billion Metro Center development which will also include a new train depot south of the present Union Station and a convention center and 1500 apartment units.

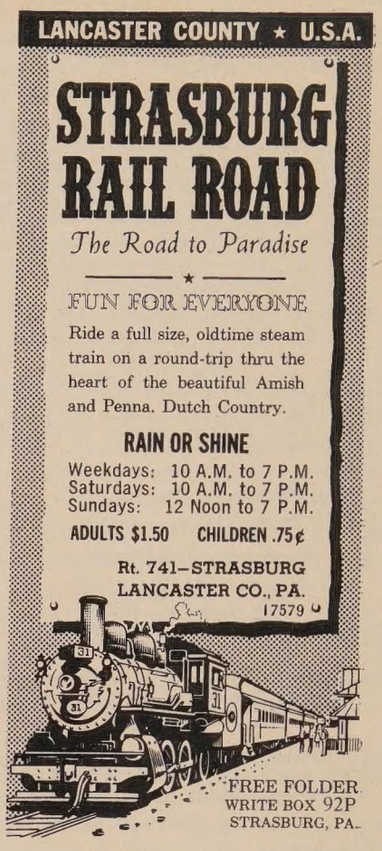
Canadian National's school for locomotive engineers at Gimli, Man., is being expanded into a full-fledged training center for the railroad industry. Last year, CNR trained 69 men for engine service there. This year it will train 585 men, including 180 engineers, 80 train dispatchers, 300 supervisors, and 25 master mechanics. Already the B.C. Railway, the Ontario Northland; and one of CN's American subsidiaries, the Duluth, Winnipeg & Pacific; also the International Nickel and the Guinean Railway of Africa.

Other Canadian National news is the ordering of 800 new boxcars, worth $16.5 million, from National Steel Cars of Hamilton, Ontario. This makes a total of 2,497 new CNR cars ordered since Jan. 1st to handle increasing freight volume.

Four Canadian National retirees are centenarians: Alfred H. Cormier, 102, of Ste. Anne du Bocage; Peter Johnson, 100, of Thunder Bay; A. K. Korzun, 100, of Mount Royal (Montreal), and L. T. Williams, 100, of Sudbury. A recent survey of the U.S. Railroad Retirement Board says the average railroad retiree outlives the average non-rail retiree. Same applies to Canada.

After getting many complaints from motorists that Penn Central freight trains were blocking the main street of Hagersville, Ont., for upwards of 40 minutes at a time, Police Chief Warren Berger filed charges against the system under the criminal code of "wilfully permitting a train to obstruct a road for more than five minutes during shunting operations," and a judge levied a $25 fine. Then a PC official agreed to meet with Berger to iron out the problem.

Oil and natural gas from Alaska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GRAHAME HARDY
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should be delivered by rail, according to David Barrett, premier of British Columbia. He says the province has a plan for a $4 billion railroad to run through Alaska and the Yukon Territory and tie in with the British Columbia Railway (formerly Pacific Great Eastern). A line is currently being built by the BC Ry. northward.

Answering Dr. Bernard L. Albert, one of our readers, Mrs. M. R. Davidson, secretary to Mayor Pierre Benoit of Ottawa, writes: "The old Union Station here still stands, next to the new National Arts Centre, and is used today for large gatherings such as a recent conference of provincial prime ministers. The old tracks have been removed in the heart of the city and along the canal. Our new station is located at Tremblay Road off Alta Vista."

"What hath God wrought?" The words that opened the era of Morse telegraphy just over 128 years ago also brought that age to a close on the North American continent as Canadian Pacific Telecommunications, a subsidiary of Canadian Pacific, closed its last remaining Morse commercial circuit.

The message was sent from Batiscan, Que., a whistle-stop on the CP Rail line into the mineral regions of northern Quebec. Sent by a railway agent in Batiscan to the manager of CP Telecommunications in Montreal, the bilingual message read:

"*Voici le Dernier message telegraphique en code Morse au Canada. Que fait donc Dieu?*" Then dots and dashes spelled out: "This is the last telegram via Morse code in Canada. What hath God wrought?"

The entire message took just over a minute to transmit 140 miles. The time was 11:15 a.m. on May 30, 1972.— From *Brass Pounders' Gossip*, issued by Toledo Morse Telegraph Club (H. E. West, pub. relations, 14244 Ravinia Ave., Orland Park, Ill. 60462). ●

MOST EXCITING was Paul G. Franke's final night as an engineer on the Burlington Northern. Paul lives in St. Paul, Minn. Back in 1944 he began his railroad career with the Great Northern on hand-fired coalburners—a really tough job!—and he retired last October. Says he:

"About 11 p.m. on my last night of railroading I was working a transfer job at the Union Yard in St. Paul. Cars were moving on many tracks as usual, but about 4 a.m. it happened! Cars began running out of track C-11 at the yard. The lead car hit the ground while the second car remained on the track. Moments later, other cars came barreling down the track and the collision re-railed and pushed the original lead car and another freight car careening down the rail.

"Yardmaster Robert Klebe at the Union Tower called on the radio: 'Engineer Paul Franke on track D-5, last chance to stop the cars on the main line high rails.' It was a fast run, but I stopped the runaway cars and was advised to return to the Union yard and 'tie up.' So ended my last night. As I stepped down from the engine, many years of railroading memories flashed through my mind." ●

ANGERED by a comment from a member of the railroad staff of Michigan State Public Service Commission that, if permitted, the railroads would abandon all of Michigan north of Bay State, the president and general manager of the Detroit & Mackinac, Edward V. Goodman, retorted:

"There is no section of the state with a brighter future and the D&M hopes to play a big part in its development. I can foresee no circumstances which will cause us to abandon our line. It's profitable and we feel it will serve even more industry in the near future.

"Our line is profitable and we feel we are an important part in the growth of the area. We have invested much time and money in obtaining industrial sites and have a busy department selling them to prospective employers. We are here to stay; make no mistake about it." ●

AN AUSTRALIAN iron mining company has called in the mighty atom to thwart armies of outsize termites that are devouring a million wooden railroad ties. The termite species, *Mastotermes Darwiniensis*, is unique to northern Australia. The soldier termites are up to three-quarters of an inch long, while the worker insects are somewhat smaller.

Stan Bramwell, railroad superintendent for the company, notes that the insects are especially attracted to West Australian kurri wood, which he says "is like a cocktail to them."

The company has begun an experimental program to detect the termites chewing up the ties on its railroad between Port Hedland and the mine site at Mt. Whaleback, 240 miles to the south. For one thing, the Atomic Energy Commission is developing a device to measure the density of the ties. If the density reading is below normal, engineers will have a warning of possible termite infestation. Bramwell says that when the atomic detector is operating, probably by the middle of this year, engineers will be able to inspect all of the railroad's one million ties in two days. ●

UNHAPPILY, every month we list the abandonment of many miles of track and occasionally the folding up of entire short lines. But here is good news. The Navajo Indian tribe plans to build a 93-mile private railroad between Shiprock and Gallup in northwest New Mexico.

The line, estimated to cost $14 million, would be financed by private sources and owned and operated by the tribe, says C. Mac Eddy, chairman of the Navajo Division of program development. The railroad would serve primarily to transport raw materials and by-products to and from a proposed coal gasification plant.

It is estimated the line would generate annual revenue of $1 million for the tribe. Actual beginning of construction will depend on acquisition of rail line right-of-way from Navajo chapters along the proposed corridor. This news comes from Dale Gladstone, P.O. Box 713, Farmington, N.M. 87401. ●

OVERSEAS. The Norwegian State Railways have introduced two innovations: (1) self-service cafeteria cars in which you can choose between a full meal or light refreshments, each car accommodating 48 persons, half of them seated at tables, and (2) to meet the demand for a knowledge of the English language, a school car added to commuter trains out of Oslo, the capital, permits a teacher to give lessons in English to passengers as they ride.

India's rail system has developed double-deck coaches, each one seating 134, for the New Delhi area.

A Japanese team of consultants, called in by Indonesian State Railways to study ways of speeding up the system's northern line from 37 mph to nearly 70, have so far found that "the track is unsuitable even for speeds of 37 mph."

The second section of Japanese National Railways' new 250-mile San-Yo line between Okayama and Hakata (on the island of Kyu-Shu) will be opened four months ahead of schedule in December, 1974. This section, which has 109 tunnels, makes up 55 percent of the route. Construction began in Feb. 1971.

Fifty-eight percent of the passengers on Italy's deficit-prone railroads travel at discounts of 20 to 70 percent, the Italian Parliament complains.

Enraged by union slowdowns, about 10,000 Japanese commuters went on a rampage, stoning trains and occupying a railway depot for 5½ hours. Seven passengers were arrested; three railway men were hospitalized. The riot occurred at Ageo, about 21 miles from Tokyo, when waiting passengers were told they could not board an already crowded commuter train for Tokyo. It paralyzed the normally heavy service into the capital's big Ueno station. Less serious trouble erupted at four additional stations on the same line. More than 300 trains were cancelled, at least 1350 others were delayed, and some 700,000 commuters had to wait. The slowdowns began March 5th because the unions demand better safety measures and oppose plans to cut costs.

Last year over 100,000 tourists paid 25 pence each to take a rail journey 100 feet down into the Llechwedd slate mine at Blaenau Festiniog in Wales. Similar trips are available this year, reports Raymond E. Ruffell, 2 Victoria Villas, Little Sandusky, near Camberley, Surrey, England. (Ray owns 425 different issues of *Railroad Magazine*, his oldest one dating back to 1910, and we have published several of his photos.)

Frantically, railroad men using red signals, torchlights, whistles, and horns tried in vain to stop a freight train in Poland recently. A superintendent phoned an order to workers futher down the line to place detonator charges in the path of the runaway. After the second charge exploded, the train screeched to a halt. The engineer and fireman, drunk and asleep, had awakened just barely in time to prevent crashing into the tankers! Both men were jailed for 18 months.

An Irish express, the *Flying Enterprise,* was robbed last Feb. 20th by six men and a girl, each carrying automatic revolvers. Passengers waiting at Duneath for the Belfast-Dublin train were lined up against a wall and were robbed. Then the gang, with five mailbags, fled across the wasteland to two waiting automobiles, which they had hijacked earlier. Loot is estimated at some 2,000 pounds.

A new train, the Russian *Troika,* which is expected to travel the 400 miles between Moscow and Leningrad at 125 miles per hour, is shortly to go into service. Described by *Pravda* as Russian-built, it consists of 8 cars, which will accommodate 544 passengers. The cars have individual plug-in radios and luminescent lighting.

Now being used for test purposes on the German Federal Railway is a gas-turbine locomotive which was built for British Railways in 1949. The original power plant, transmission, and motors have been removed and a single traction motor installed. A standard electric loco feeds the current. ●

Tom Kelcec, 20 Fairfield Drive, Convent Station, N.J.

An Ontario Government geep gets a breather from elements as she undergoes minor repairs at Canadian National shops at Spadina Ave., Toronto, in 1969.

YOUR April article on Baldwin Centipede diesels by J. Edgar Smith was copied in part from an old issue of *Baldwin Locomotives* magazine. The background and engineering development of the Centipede lay in the 1943 experimental 6000-hp unit, which Smith touched upon too briefly. That unit was intended to replace, in a single car body, an entire EMD four-unit, 5400-hp FT freighter. The experimental, with only 4 of its projected 8 engines, was tested on the Pennsy. Later, in a test run over the Reading's New York branch, it caught fire. Its underframe and running gear were salvaged to create the first experimental 300-hp Centipede which the article describes. Pennsy officials had a lot to do with all this, as they wanted a 6000-hp road loco in as few units as possible.

Smith's story should have included details of this unique unit's operation, its poor performance, and its disappearance from the rail scene. The increased cost of new machinery (steam power vs. diesels) is of little importance; what really matters is that diesels do more work at less cost. Incidentally, the Centipede's wheelbase on Seaboard Air Line units was 77 feet, 10 inches; on Pennsy units, 75 feet, 2 inches; but the total length of one unit was only 9½ feet.—Bert Pennypacker, 4307 Palmetto St., Phildelphia, Pa. 19124.

Thanks, Bert Pennypacker, for sending me a copy of your criticism of my article. I worked under Ralph P. Johnson, Baldwin's chief engineer, as supervisor of the Diesel Locomotive Section and was in charge of designing and building this first single-unit, 6000-hp, D-E locomotive. Later, as supervising product engineer of the Diesel Division, I had charge of its conversion to the 3000-hp unit, among other diesels being built in 1946.

You are correct about the fire. Surely, you know also about the trouble we had with the bearings at the forked end of the rods of our 750-hp engine—the reason for our losing the Navy contract for a submarine engine to Fairbanks-Morse. We didn't like to say much about this at the time. Even today it is rather scandalous.—J Edgar Smith, "The Gulls," Paine Creek Road, Brewster, Mass. 02631.

BLACKMAIL. Police ordered a huge security check across the whole French rail system after a gang failed in an astonishing bid to hold an international express train for ransom! The attempt came after more than three weeks in which the rail administration was in touch with an unknown gang which threatened to blow a train to pieces unless a $95,000 ransom was paid.

The first threat came via a message recorded on a casette tape and delivered to the railway authorities. Subsequent exchanges went on through the advertising columns of a Paris newspaper.

Police and rail experts were persuaded by the gang's technical knowledge that the attempt was serious. The showdown came on the *Puerta Del Sol,* the crack overnight Paris-Madrid express. Gangsters demanded that the ransom money, wrapped in a white sack, be thrown from the moving train just outside Paris. The exact spot would be indicated by two lights waving at the side of the tracks.

Rail authorities said nothing to the engineer. Instead, they packed the train with security police, plainclothes men and police dogs. At Juvisy, about 13 miles from Paris, the engineer saw two unexpected red lights winking out of the darkness—and halted the express. Scores of police leaped to the ground. But although passengers said they had seen shadowy figures flee from the railside, the gendarmes found nothing.

Also in France, a track-building project now under way will permit passenger-train speeds of 125 mph over most of the 360-mile Paris-to-Bordeaux run. The French National's *Aquitaine* now makes the daily Paris-to-Bordeaux trip in exactly four hours at an average speed of 90 mph. This is the world's fastest rail average over a distance of more than 100 miles except for Japan's New Tokaido Line train, 100 mph.

I greatly enjoy Dan Behrman's features on French steam and Madeleine de Sinety's photos which illustrate them. This reminds me that France has an interesting new system, about which very little has been published in America. I mean the Paris Reseau Express Regional; the region's express railway by which suburban lines east and west of Paris will be through-routed by a low-level subway across the center of the city. The new subway is built to mainline clearance standards and is electrified with 1500-volt DC catenary. Separate sections in the east and west are already operating, and construction is under way on the last central link.—Wm. S. Gorton, Jr., 101 Ashley Circle, Athens, Ga. 30601.

HOW much did the average covered hopper car earn for its owner last year? We don't know the figures for other railroads, but the Illinois Central Gulf's answer to that question is $4,664. How was the answer found? By drawing on the ICG's computer base, which has car movement and revenue data, and on the cost/profit calculator, which has cost information. Into the calculations go the fact that the 2,156 hopper cars of 4,000-plus cubic foot capacity made an average of 19.5 trips a year; that the trips lasted 18.7 days, of which 6.6 days were spent off-line producing per diem income of $38 per trip; and that the average revenue per carload was $382.80.

READING Jack White's "History of the Hand Car" in R&LHS *Bulletin* No. 127 reminded me of some personal experiences I had with maintenance-of-way motor cars when I was on the Baltimore & Ohio public relations staff. We were working with MGM at Butte Meadows, Calif., in 1938 on the movie *Stand Up and Fight.* We had taken some antique equipment, the 4-2-0 engine *Lafayette* and two Imley stagecoach-type railroad cars from the B&O Museum in Baltimore, Md., out there for use in making the picture.

That hybrid train ran races with a horse-drawn stagecoach on the tracks of a private railroad owned by the Diamond Match Co. This line connected with the Southern Pacific at Sterling City, Calif., and ran about 40 miles into the mountains. Big pine trees were cut down and their huge logs were loaded onto the standard-gage flatcars for the trip to the sawmill at Sterling City. The logs measured 5 or 6 feet in diameter. The railroad, which was non-union owned three Shay locomotives.

I had taken a mechanic from the Mt. Clare Shops to operate the old-time *Lafayette,* which was the B&O's first horizontal-boilered engine, and I fired her before the movie cameras, as I had done the year before in a Paramount film, *Wells Fargo.* We had nearly finished our work at Butte Meadows, but before proceeding to Culver City the director decided to shoot the final scene in the mountains. The assistant director and I were sent to pick out a spot further down the line. The Diamond Match Co. had several rebuilt pushcars, which had been motorized with automobile engines, radiator, etc., and even a cockpit in which the operator sat. We called Sterling City to learn if a westbound train was due, and were assured that none would leave for two hours.

So we started out. Boards on each side of the engine hid the operator up to his arm-pits. The assistant director sat on the left side and I on the right, our legs dangling. I was wearing a period costume, a heavy coat and leather boots which seemed to weigh a ton. We had gone around a sweeping horseshoe curve and were coming to a sidetrack at my right, on which was a

string of flatcars loaded with logs. Rounding this curve, we suddenly saw a train with a Shay approaching on our track.

The Shay was pushing about ten empty flats, and a brakeman sat on the end car. When he saw us, he pulled the air and jumped off. Our operator tried to stop, but his brakes weren't so good. The assistant director and I waited until the collision was imminent. Then we, too, "joined the birds," he on the left and I on the right. Why I didn't fall flat on my face, I still can't figure; but I ran as fast as I could in those heavy boots and did keep my balance.

The poor operator could not get out. When he hit the log train, the coupler went through the radiator and into the engine. I saw his head snap back so hard that I thought he had broken his neck. But to my surprise, he climbed out, walked across the valley, and fetched another car which he drove around to take us back. The assistant director and I decided "to hell with it" and abandoned the idea of the closing shot. We'd been assured that no train was on the line yet we had hit one!

On another occasion, in the 1940's, the B&O was improving its track alignments on the Pittsburgh and New Castle divisions. The road's president asked me to write a series of articles on these improvements for the *B&O Magazine*. He assigned the assistant chief of the Maintenance of Way department to go with me. So we were out on the line for several weeks, me with a note book and camera.

Early one morning we left McKeesport, Pa., on a motor car bound for Connellsville. Several points on that line were getting extensive improvements, curves being straightened and tracks relocated. Passenger train No. 16 was an hour and a half behind us when we started, and each time we came to a call box the operator would call the dispatcher to learn if it was on our tail.

We stopped at several places to take notes and photos. About halfway on the trip, the telegraph wires crossed the tracks from left to right. A large crane being used there moved down the track, and failed to lower its boom, and carried away all of the wires in that vicinity. From there on we were on our own. Those motor cars had insulated wheels, did not control the signals, and we had no communications. We made several brief stops for photos, looking back for smoke signals, and eventually reached Connellsville. Ten minutes after we rolled the car off the track, No. 16 came roaring in. My blood pressure returned to normal.—Larry Sagle, 1000 E. Joppa Rd., Towson, Md. 21204.

CP Rail unit train going to Sparrows Point, B.C., for load of steel.
H.A. Kinsey, 814 William St., New Westminster, B.C., Canada

Short Lines of Maine

Locomotive Roster Compiled by Sy Reich

Railroad Class	Road Numbers	HP	Builder	Builder's Model	Wheel Arngt.	Tractive Effort	Weight	Date	Notes
Aroostook Valley Railroad									
—	10-11	380	GE	44-ton	B-B	27,000	88,000	1945	
—	12	400	GE	44-ton	B-B	27,000	88,000	1949	
Belfast & Moosehead Lake Railroad									
—	50-51	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	41,300	137,600	1946	
—	52	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	41,300	137,600	1951	
—	53	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	41,300	137,600	1947	1
Portland Terminal Company									
DS-2d	1001-1003	600	Alco	HH600	B-B	50,000	197,300	1936	2,3
DS-2d	1004	600	Alco	HH600	B-B	50,000	197,800	1938	3
DS-3b	1005	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	49,125	196,500	1941	
DS-3b	1006	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	49,475	197,900	1945	3
DS-3b	1007-1008	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	49,475	197,900	1949	
DS-4b	1051	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,750	231,000	1941	
DS-4b	1052	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,750	231,000	1943	3
DS-4b	1053	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,750	231,000	1947	3
DS-4b	1054	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,750	231,000	1949	
DS-4b	1055-1058	1000	Alco-GE	S4	B-B	61,800	247,200	1950	
DS-4d	1061-1062	1000	Alco-GE	S4	B-B	57,670	231,320	1950	4
DS-4d	1063	1000	Alco GE	S4	B-B	57,670	230,040	1950	4
DRS-3d	1081	1500	GM-EMD	GP7	B-B	61,650	246,600	1950	5
DRS-1f	1082	1800	Alco Pr.	RS-11	B-B	61,675	246,700	1956	6
DS-3b	1101	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	49,230	196,920	1950	7

Roster is based on data from AV's manager, B&ML's mgr. and auditor, and PT's chief mechanical officer-engineering. It is accurate as of the first quarter, 1973. For our rosters, a short line railroad is defined as a common carrier listed in the Official Guide, the Pocket List of Railroad Officials, or both, with a route length less than 400 miles.

Locomotive builders: GE, General Electric; Alco, American Locomotive Co.; Alco-GE, American Locomotive Co.-General Electric Co.; GM-EMD, General Motors-Electro Motive Div.; Alco Pr., Alco Products. Tractive effort and weight in pounds.

(1) B&ML 53 was originally Barre & Chelsea 12, then Montpelier & Barre 21 (12/56), then B&ML 53 (1970).

(2) PT 1001-1003 were scrapped (1961, 1967, ?).

(3) PT 1001-1004, 1006, 1052-1953 are owned by and leased from Maine Central.

(4) PT 1061-1063 were originally Delaware & Hudson 3041, 3045, 3047; then PT 1061-1063, (1967, 1967, 1968).

(5) PT 1081 sold to MeC, renumbered 581.

(6) PT 1082 sold to MeC, renumbered 802.

(7) PT 1101 was originally Greater Portland Public Development Commission 661, then PT 1101 (1958).

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MONTH

It's early summer '72 and good to be alive, especially a railfan on Southern's observation car *Lookout Mountain.*
Fred Clark, Jr., 312 Mariva Ave., Clearwater, Fla. 33515

Down South America way, a Paraguay railroad employee demonstrates how the manual turntable should be operated.
Henry W. Jarvis, 7213 Canyon Rd., San Bernardino, Calif. 92404

Pennsylvania freight locomotive No. 1165 stood on end after killing her fireman by splitting a switch and breaking through Ohio crossing bridge near McKees Rocks, Pa., some 25 years ago. Anyone know about wreck details?

Monolith Portland Cement Co. No. 12 six-wheel Plymouth loco (3 ft. gage) heading upgrade past gnarled old oak at Monolith, near Tehachipi, Calif., in Sept. '72. A conveyor belt has replaced road. Note link 'n pin coupler.
Christopher Collins, 2142 Mann Ave. #4, Union City, Calif. 94587

Southern Pacific 106-car freight with mixed unit helpers in Bakersfield, Calif., yards about to leave for the eastbound climb over the Tehachapi Mountains.
Gary G. Allen, 215½ E. Palmer Ave., Glendale, Calif. 91205

Once busy Providence, R.I., station has less than baker's dozen waiting for Amtrak train for Boston in Nov. '72.
Robert Redden, 113 Munroe, Lynn, Mass. 01501

Bob Storks, 1421 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

Reading Railroad commuter train coming in from West Trenton, N.J., eases to stop at Rydal, Pa., in March, 1973.

Virgil C. Staff, P.O. Box 268, Berkeley, Calif. 94701

Probably the most fascinating ship on San Francisco Bay on August 12, 1972, was Western Pacific's *Las Plumas*, which was hosting the *Flying Scotsman* for trip to Oakland. Train was on way back home to England.

Fred A. Stindt (right), chairman, Pacific Coast Chap., R&LHS, and two other members, Brian Thompson and Denny Anspach, M.D., confer in sleeping car *St. Hyacinthe*, after being taken to Sacramento Feb. 10, 1973 on Amtrak's *San Francisco Zephyr*.
Sacramento Bee Photo

Joy Frye holds her son, Timothy, so he can watch westbound Louisville & Nashville FP-7 612 and GP-30 1021 on extra leaving their hometown of Pensacola, Fla., for Mobile, Ala. Grandpop is a L&N hoghead out of Nashville, Tenn.
William T. Morgan, AN, Box 26, Fleet Weather Facility, FPO New York 09571

Steamer 'round the bend. Klamath & Hoppow Valley No. 10 hammers through Big Cut with flanges squealing and smoke drifting through tall timber near Klamath, Calif., in July 1972. The 10-spot is a 3-truck Heisler built in 1912.

David Sell, 218 Colgate Ave., Kensington, Calif. 94708

When Soo Line Railroad dieselized through New Richmond, Wis., they had no further use for this old water tower. These series of photos, taken 18 years ago east of the depot, show last hours and final demise of this venerable old steam institution. Scene was about fifteen miles east of railroad high bridge shown on our April contents page.

Photograph by Cal Humphrey

Photograph by Ruth Lacis

Soo Line Water Tank Follows Steam Age into Oblivion

Photo from Merwin Bulman, R.3, Box 99, New Richmond, Wis. 54017

Displaced from her resting place at the Nebraska State Fair grounds in Lincoln because of a need for space, Union Pacific 2-8-0 No. 440 rests in rain at UP yards in Lincoln waiting for a new home. The loco, which was donated by UP in the mid-50's to the City of Lincoln, was moved out of the Fair grounds this winter and given temporary home for six months. Reports have it Nebraska Chap., NRHS, have thoughts of putting her back in working condition.

Jim Seacrest, 2101 Birchwood Rd., North Platte, Neb. 69101

New York Central diesel hauls southbound West Shore passenger local through Bear Mt., N.Y., area on June 4, 1953.

Elmer Treloar, 101 California St., Highland Park, Mich. 48203

Fuel Crisis on the Norfolk & Western

N&W fuel supplyman C.W. Adkinson is watchful and careful as he fuels a diesel unit at Shaffers Crossing to avoid spillover and waste. Other roads are faced with similar problem. N&W needs about 19 million gallons a month to operate. Outside of strikes, coal burning locomotives never had threat of fuel crisis.

From T. Vannoy, editor of Norfolk & Western Magazine

Photograph from Missouri Pacific archives

Any Texan in the house? Will someone please tell us story behind Indian figurine on MP depot San Antonio?

"All aboard!" at Reading Terminal, Phila., in March 1973.

Bob Storks, 1421 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

"Away, away, I'm bound away . . . across the wide Missouri!"

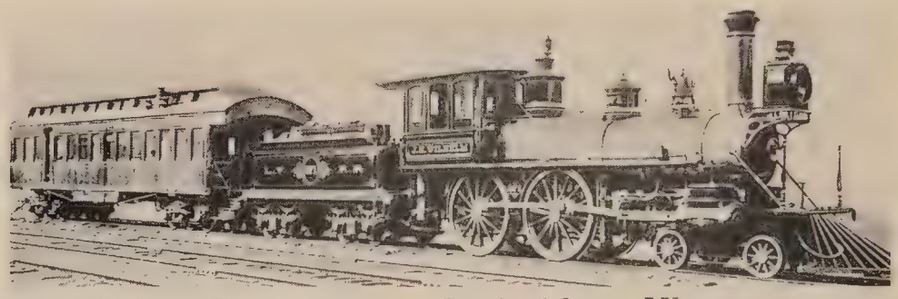
"So long fellas; I'll see you in the Big Rock Candy Mountains. I'm Helen Nighswonger from South Holland, Ill., aboard the Burlington Northern business car *Missouri River* (ex-Great Northern 1191) in BN's very cold Chicago yard in Dec. '72. The yard foreman gave his permission for the photograph. Maybe because it's so close to Christmas."

Robert W. Streich, 679 Saginaw Ave., Calumet City, Ill. 60409

Lehigh Valley

Joins the Ranks of Bankrupt Eastern Roads

Pacific 2062 highballing *Buffalo Flyer* in early '30's near Forks, N.Y.
Photograph by H.W. Pontin



***J.H. Wilhelm* pulling paycar was a happy sight on LV many years ago.**

The Valley's steamlined train John Wilkes in the great days of steam.
Photo by Wayne Brumbaugh

Alco's 403, 405 and 406 help LV heavy freight up through scenic, twisting Lehigh Gorge at Jim Thorpe, Pa. in 1972.
John D.L. Johnson, 456 Tennis Ave., Ambler, Pa. 19002

THE SILENT LAND

by William F. Knapke

Author of book *"The Railroad Caboose"*

BETWEEN our great mountain ranges, the Rockies and the Sierras, and stretching from Canada to our southern neighbor, Mexico, is a vast area of land, the *Silent Land*, where time seems not to move at all.

True, of late years tapes of concrete have been unrolled across its breadth, here and there. And steel threads, on which giant engines and their trains shuttle back and forth, have stitched the East to the West. But place all the tapes and all the threads side by side and they would scarcely measure a thousand feet of width in the thousand miles of desert length.

Turn your back on one of those arteries of travel, go but one short mile,

and you will find a place untouched and untrodden since the dawn of history. Where winds blow soundlessly, where the silence is so dense it has weight, where the sun bears down with violence by day or the stars regard you with impersonal glitter by night, where your soul shrivels in impotence and your ego dwindles to naught. That place is *the Silent Land*, once known as the Great American Desert.

Yet on and across those shining threads that traverse the desert, men work, live, and have their existence—the railroaders of the transcontinentals. Have you ever been a passenger on some train that paused briefly at a desert siding, on which a long line of freight cars rested, the grimy caboose on one end and the powerful locomotive at the other? Perhaps you noticed a brakeman moving, seemingly idly, about those cars and wondered a bit about him—what did he do? how did he live—or was it living—on that sandy waste? Would you like to learn?

Let's make believe that *you* were that brakeman, that you lived a day of his life and a day of his trials. We'll choose an August night down where the rails run straight as a taut string for mile after mile; somewhere on that vast wasteland your train was taking siding.

You stood on the rear steps of the caboose, gazing ahead to see how near the switchstand you were. Your eyes were bleary and half-closed from lack of sleep. The light of the switch lamp glowed red, a hazed glow as though seen through a fog—it dwindled to pinpoint size, as your sleep-drugged vision tried to focus on it. You closed your eyes to relieve the gritty feelings.

Then you got off and threw the switch, testing the lock a couple of times to make sure it was secure. You looked at the switchpoints extra carefully lest in your condition you might leave something essential undone. Then you stumbled after the caboose that by then had come to a standstill. The conductor was standing on the platform when you arrived.

"Look out for sidewinders," he cautioned. "This is the kind of night they're moving about."

"Sidewinders, huh," you grunted. "If I see one of those stumpy-tailed rattlesnakes tonight, *I'll bite it.*"

You wandered on along the side of your cars to give 'em an inspection and see they were running all right. The sides of the cars gave forth waves of heat as though loaded with red-hot cargo. As you paused to look at a brake beam, something skittered from between your feet as though shot from a gun. You stared where the streak had been.

"Vinagaroon," you muttered. "Gosh, one of those bugs can make an antelope look like it's standing still."

Looking ahead you saw a light beside the cars and knew the swing brakeman was waiting to walk to the head end with you. You noticed the stars, which in that clear, dustless atmosphere shone with tripled size and glory.

Then the moon swam up from behind the dark fringe of mountains that marked the desert's distant edge, a moon that gleamed like a great pewter plate and whose rays lit the desert with unearthly beauty. Yet it cast the shadows of the ironwood trees and mesquites onto the sand, like great blobs of ink, spattered by some Brobdignagian pen. So, weary and sleepy as you were, when the swing man said, "These nights are sure beauts," you were forced to admit grudgingly they were.

You plodded on to the head end where you found the engineer and fireman stretched out on the ground close beside the silent engine. Silent except for the measured throb of her air-pump and a gentle spewing from the low turned oil nozzle. You walked over to a pile of crossties opposite the switchstand and found the head brakeman, a youngster, sound asleep on the pile. You regarded him pityingly.

"Kinda tough on a kid like him," you told your partner. "Out on a job as tough as this one, where he can't get more'n two hours sleep outta twenty-four."

"Yeah," said the swing man, ironically. "I suppose you've had all the sleep you know what to do with?"

"Yes, I had a dandy rest—if you mean going to bed on a sheet that felt like a tin roof under a noonday sun, if tossing and turning, listening to the drone of an undersized fan that served no purpose except to sing me to sleep—and, brother, I didn't need a lullabye—until I became unconscious for a coupla hours is sleep. I spent about two hours in that rat trap in the clubhouse 'n then I crawled out 'n joined the gang in front of the beanery. Oh I hadda lotta sleep—like hell I did!"

THE SWING MAN grinned sympathetically. "We've had ten night runs straight now, 'n that's nine too many in a row for me. I don't mind taking my share of 'em, but by grab I don't want 'em all. About two more of 'em after this one 'n I'll be away from here."

The swing man spat disgustedly. As you both sat on the ties, talking of other places you had worked where the thermometer would register below zero and the snow drifted deep, of men you each had worked with here and there, gabbing principally to keep awake.

As you gazed at the myriad of stars dotting the eastern skies, a new star sprang into being. Presently it veered slightly and you guessed it was the headlight of a train you were to meet at the siding where your own train now lay. The star disappeared as, with his train into clear, its engineer switched off the headlight. But again, a brighter and swifter light took its place. A light, meteor-like in its swift approach. You knew that light to be the varnish, Number 9, the fastest passenger train on the timetable.

As Number 9 neared the switch, its wheels churning a miniature earthquake and its stack tearing the air into a thousand thunderous shreds, the young head brakeman sprang up with a loud, startling yell. Then as Number 9 crashed over the switch points and sped onward, he subsided with a sheepish grin.

"I dreamed I'd left the switch open and 9 was heading into our train," he said.

A few minutes later, the freight train you were waiting for whistled at the mileboard. Then, as its engine crew shouted the usual insults with which the head end of one train greets another, the train rolled past, an unfurling panorama of lights and shadows. Some boxcars, some oil tanks, more boxes, here and there the yellow sides of a refrigerator car; from a boxcar with an open door that had slats nailed across it came the mournful *mo-o-o* of a cow.

"Zulu," you thought. "Wonder where in hell he's bound?"

Then more high ones, a few gondolas and flatcars, and finally the caboose, with its cheery red markers and a voice from the cupola yelling something you couldn't quite catch but nevertheless knew wasn't complimentary to you and your ancestors. You yelled back the most libelous name you could think of, too, even though you knew he couldn't hear you.

Suddenly you three brakemen standing near the switch were illuminated with a flood of light as your hogger switched on his headlight. Two blasts of

the whistle and from away back at the caboose a light appeared. High it soared and then a downward sweep. *Highball* was its message. Your engine snorted gently, then louder and impatiently as the cars resisted her urge.

At last she barked angrily and surged against the opposing weight as the wheels began a reluctant roll. Slowly the train crept onto the main track while the swing man on one side of the cars and you on the opposite surveyed the trucks and wheels of the passing cars by the light of your lanterns, looking for any possible defects. Then the caboose drew out.

You closed the switch, ran after and caught the rear steps, and gave the head end a *take 'em away* sign. Back from the 'gine floated two long blasts of her whistle. The tempo of the rolling wheels quickened, and the clicks of the rail joints came faster and faster as you steadily gained your rightful pace.

You climbed into the cupola—the doghouse, it's called—filled and lit your pipe, then gazed at the desert sands, silvery and shining from the light of that glorious moon, as they slid by under the window. Idly you watched the swing man's light as he walked over the top of the train toward the head end.

The running boards of the cars stretched away as a lighted path in the moonlight. Now came a reflected gleam of light, sometimes amber, maybe white, from some discarded bottle thrown beside the track. An ironwood tree, stunted and aged, seemed to float by. Mesquites, eerie in the phantom light, joined the ranks of the parade you reviewed.

You glanced across the cupola at your conductor who was sitting motionless and silent. You grinned to yourself. "The old boy's dropped off to sleep." But, outlined against the light, a curl of smoke rose from his pipe.

Your own eyes were getting heavier, so you climbed down and bathed your face with icewater. Going out on back platform, you knelt with your nose just above the coupler and took several long-drawn sniffs for any odor of a hotbox. You glanced along the sides of the train. No yellow flare showed to tell you of a blazing hotbox or shower of sparks or boiling dust, that would denote a brakebeam dragging.

"Everything running fine, thank Pete," you reported when you returned to cupola. The skipper made no reply; his gaze was fixed on the fringe of mountains that marked the northern edge of the desert. A dark cloud, plainly visible in the bright moonlight, hung over their tops and evidently worried your conductor.

Presently he turned, "If we don't have a washed-out roadbed in a few hours, I'll be badly fooled."

You were astonished, "Washout?" you queried. "What from? There isn't any rain and no sign of any."

"It doesn't need to rain down here," he explained. "If that cloud bursts, a wave of water two or three feet deep will sweep down across these tracks and, son, I've seen as much as four miles of track torn out in one hunk by a cloudburst."

Again the skipper studied the ominous cloud; then he climbed down to his desk and swiftly wrote a message which he read to you.

"Strong indications of cloudburst in mountains. Probably hit between Lava and Pumice sidings. Suggest you warn all trains."

He addressed it to the train dispatcher, twisted the lead straps of a track torpedo around it, and handed it to you with instructions to toss it off to the telegraph operator at Pumice.

YOU GAZED through the front window of the cupola to see how near Pumice you were. Just then the train-order light changed from red to green in answer to the engineer's whistle; so there were no orders for your train.

You went on the platform, thrust your lantern out far enough for the operator to glimpse it and know you had something for him. As the light of the order board swam closer and closer, you thought of the op stationed there and of other operators in their desert depots and their monotonous, cheerless lives. But more particulrly you thought about the man at Pumice; you recalled what another fellow had said about that same station.

"Yes, that's Pumice. A lone, yellow telegraph office set on the sands by the semaphore and the rails before it and the dun-colored desert sloping down from behind. The trains slam by, seldom stopping, and then the silence comes back and the sun shines furiously or the stars wink impudently. Nothing else—unless you wait long enough; then there does seem to be something else. Something that comes in out of the silence and you can almost touch it; only those who do touch it, the brass collars send away—and don't let them come back. Yes, that's Pumice."

Then, suddenly you were passing above the little cinder platform of the station. There stood the waiting operator. He greeted you with a ribald yell as he stooped for the message you had tossed near his feet. He gave a couple of short upward flips of his lantern to let you know he had found it. You turned to enter the caboose, but before doing so you took a long look at the cloud in the north. As you were observing it, a flash of lightning seemed to split the cloud horizontally from east to west. When your eyes had recovered from the blinding glare, the cloud was no longer there. It had disappeared with the lightning's flash.

You were still staring in amazement when the door beside you opened.

"What did I tell you? In a couple or three hours a young tidal wave will hit this track along here 'n that guy back at Pumice'll be lucky if his station isn't washed away, 'n him with it."

It was the skipper reminding you of his prophecy.

"Gosh," you murmured, "that cloud sure busted sudden like."

A couple of blind sidings were passed and then you approached Crater, an open telegraph office. The order board remained red and you caught a hooped-up order that gave you a meeting point with an opposing extra.

"Dollars to doughnuts," predicted the conductor, "that's a train of men and material coming to repair damage caused by the cloudburst."

A few stations farther on you met the designated extra. Sure enough, it was a train of rails and ties, a locomotive crane, cook car for the men, cars of other material; and the flatcars loaded with rails and gandy dancers.

It was drawing near to daybreak now, and the queer desert chill struck you. You shivered and your teeth chattered from the cold that would last until sunrise.

The sky brightened in the east. From over that horizon rosy fingers of light shot up; then, as though drawn from a prestidigitator's hat, the sun spurted above the horizon. Another new day had begun. With no regret you viewed the approach to your terminal. The end of another trip with its trials, surprises and new experiences that each run on the steel threads produce. And these are the real reasons why railroadmen will work, live, and have their existence on the Great American Desert, known to many of us oldtimers as *the Silent Land.*

Bill Knapke, like two of his best friends, "Haywire Mac" and Harry Bedwell, was a colorful railroad man and a great writer. All three men were boomers.

Photograph made by Harley L. Kelso in 1950

Photograph by Tom Hotchkiss

INTERESTING RAILFANS
No. 126

CHARD L. WALKER

by FREEMAN HUBBARD

BACK in 1946, for a whole month, Chard L. Walker lived, ate, and slept in an antique streetcar built for the sole purpose of taking corpses and mourners to a cemetery. He may be the only person who ever did so. The car was parked in the brushy wilderness at Summit, Calif., on the top of Cajon Pass. If any wandering wraiths from long-buried coffins flitted around it, Chard never saw or heard them. He is not at all superstitious.

That car is the *Descanso*, a Spanish word meaning "rest." Built in 1909, this rare vehicle ran on the Los Angeles Railway in funeral service and in 1940 was donated to the Railroad Boosters, a club since renamed the Pacific Railroad Society. Shipped to Summit via the Santa Fe Railway, it was set up as a club car for members, and Chard later became its resident custodian.

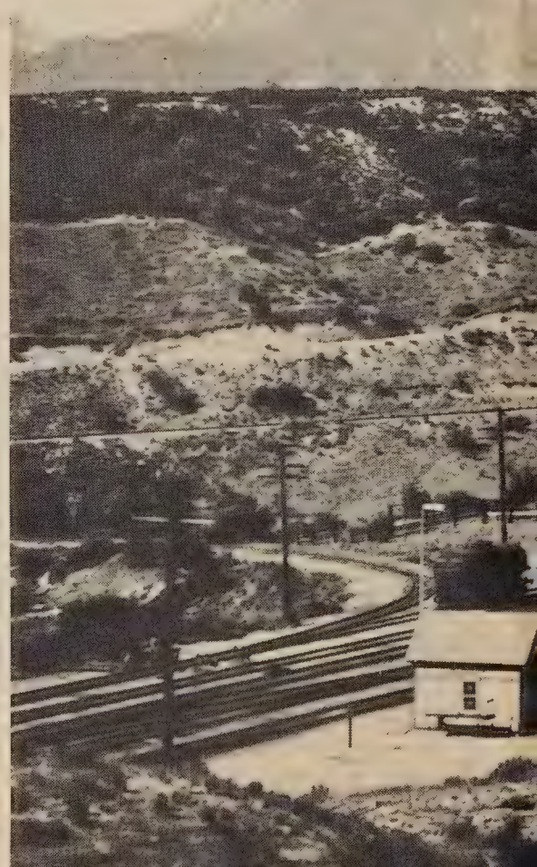
The *Descanso* was equipped with two sets of double-decked beds, a living room area, and a kitchen and dining area. In winter the weather gets so cold there, nearly 4,000 feet above sea level, that an old woodburning stove is used to supply heat. You could draw up a chair next to the stove and read some of the many copies of *Railroad Magazine* and *Trains* that were kept in a bookcase nearby. It was a cozy "home away from home" for PRS members who drove there to spend a day or maybe a few nights. Chard showed his skill at handicraft by making an O-gage model of the *Descanso*—possibly the only streetcar replica ever built inside its prototype.

Born on June 8, 1922, in Swampscott, Massachusetts, the only child of an electrical engineer, our *Interesting Railfan* was given the name of a white beetlike vegetable because it happened to be the maiden name of his grandmother. Oddly enough, Chard never eats chard. It is not one of the very few vegetables he enjoys.

His early childhood was spent in Lynn, a terminal of the Eastern Massachusetts Street Railway and of the narrow-gage Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn. The latter was originally steam-powered but eventually was electrified. He rode both lines, as well as the Boston & Maine, the New Haven, and Boston's el, subway, and streetcar systems. Later, the little family moved to Grand Rapids, Mich.; and then, when Chard was 13, to Los Angeles. An uncle working for the Los Angeles Railway introduced the lad to the Railroad Boosters, which met twice a month in the Pacific Electric Building.

Chard joined them. For years he went on their trolley and steam excursions and often took picture-making trips with individual members. A favorite of his was the PE's Santa Monica Airline, so-called, which hauled only freight except on a one-a-day franchise car. With Carl Blaubach, now of Walnut Creek, Calif., he put in a busy, sweaty afternoon clearing off a long-unused section of LARY track so the Boosters could sponsor an excursion.

***Descanso*, probably the world's only funeral trolley, as it looked in 1952.**
Photograph by Chard Walker



Chard is a six-footer weighing a trim 168 pounds. He walks tall, walks proud, and walks free. His eyes are brown and alert, framed by glasses; his hair is a graying dark brown. As a kid he was skinny and underweight; today he is well built. After graduating from high school, he spent a semester in Los Angeles City College, majoring in engineering, and later attended a trade school. Due to poor health, he quit his first paying job, a draftsman for a truck manufacturer, and took the month's vacation mentioned in our first paragraph.

The desert air and sense of freedom worked wonders for his health. At the same time Chard became enthralled with steam engines and hard working railroad men. Greatly refreshed, he went back to Los Angeles to study telegraphy at a trade school, determined to qualify as a train-order operator on the Santa Fe so that he could bid in on the Summit station job and live there permanently.

In 1947 he began working the Summit-Victorville "swing" (relief) shift. At first he commuted by train from Victorville to Summit, where he could always find a light helper engine ready to return to Victorville. Come 1951, he bid in on the Summit swing job. In that vast desolate region he was not lonely. The young bachelor found companionship in watching the long freight trains, trailing smoke clouds, that chugged through the pass and he talked eagerly with the crew men who stopped at his station. Whenever a fantrip was due at Summit, he would dress up in a period suit, derby hat, and false mustache, and swing a natty wooden cane to act as local master of ceremonies.

One bright June day in 1954 his

Photograph by Donald Sims

(left to right) Bob Hale, Chard Walker, and Dick Steinheimer, well known rail photographers, shown inside *Descanso* on December 20, 1952. They often visited Summit and the car. Panorama below shows track, funeral car, station and view of distant peaks at Summit, Calif., from top of Cajon Pass in April, 1947.

Photograph by Chard Walker

Chard at work in Summit train order office in 1953. Handing up train orders to passing Santa Fe passenger train.
Don Sims, P.O. Box 2612, Sepulveda, Calif. 91343

world changed. A sweet-faced school teacher named Margaret Sheely, with blue eyes and a ready smile, came to Summit on a vacation from her home town of North Canton, Ohio, and was introduced to Chard Walker. She, too, is an only child.

"I happened to be wearing a skirt patterned with antique autos and steam engines," she recalls. "We chatted on various topics. Chard suddenly looked at my skirt and said, 'Say, that's an American type.' At first I thought he was crazy. Then he explained that he was referring to a 4-4-0 locomotive picture, and I laughed."

After her return to Ohio, the fellow and girl wrote letters to each other. Both have a good command of the English language. That fall, when dandelions were fringing the country roads around North Canton and the wild ducks were flying southward, Chard visited Margaret. She returned the visit at Yuletide, and he put an engagement ring on her finger. Their marriage was solemnized the following June. Ira L. Swett, whom Chard had helped to edit and publish the Monthly *Interurban News* during World War II, played Lohengrin's *Wedding March* on the church organ; and Dick Steinheimer, who had been the groom's pal on several picture-taking jaunts, photographed the affair. The honeymoon included a steam ride through the Colorado Rockies on the D&RGW.

Margaret remembers: "We came home to a railway company house that had the Santa Fe and Union Pacific main lines as a front yard. From such a beginning, I should have known what life would be like with a railroad man and hobbyist. From the day we moved into that house until the day we left it we had a steady stream of railfan callers. So many showed up, ate our food, and slept in our bunks that for a while I became bitter toward them. It seemed that we would never have a life of our own. On holidays especially, at almost any time of day or night, someone was always dropping in. We were about 12 miles from the nearest grocery store and I just wasn't prepared to fix meals for one and all.

"You might think every fan's ambition was to visit Cajon Pass and eat at the Walkers". It was like running a Summit Harvey House! What got me down most was making a meal and sitting down to eat it just as a train would go by. That was a signal for all the self-invited guests to jump up and rush outside to watch it. This I stood for as long as I could. Then it happened again. There was only one visitor that day. I finished eating by myself and cleared the table. After the train had passed, he came back in and asked where his plate was. I said: 'Since you left the table, I thought you were finished.' I don't want to sound like an old shrew. Some of our best friends are railfans, but others got on my nerve by taking unfair advantage of our hospitality."

The home address at Summit was 2929 Railroad Avenue, that number being a tribute to the Santa Fe's 2900-series steamers. A friend, Ed Nelson, bought a supply of one-inch-scale (one-twelfth size) track and laid it in a circle around the house. On occasional weekends, fellows would bring their live steamers to operate over this track, which entertained the Walkers' two daughters, Judy, now 17, and Joy, 16. Margaret never spent a night in the *Descanso*; but the daughters did, just once, with their father.

"Those girls were raised in rail-oriented atmosphere," she says. "People would ask me how I managed to keep them off the tracks that were our front yard. We never had any trouble with them going too near the tracks. They learned railroad safety rules at a very early age, and they were upset when they saw some railfans ignore those rules.

"Chard has the patience of Job in working with his hands. He can spend endless time untangling string for future use, but he doesn't have this patience with people. He expects something close to perfection and gets annoyed when they aren't, but I never heard him raise his voice in anger."

For the past three years Margaret has handled the mailing of beautiful railroad calendars sold by the California Southern Railroad Museum. Her husband manages the production. This project occupies quite a bit of their

time. These Calendars are sold to help restore CSRM rail equipment.

Ira Swett, author and publisher, looks back about 30 years. "Chard was then rather frail, thin, and sickly," he says, "always wore dark blue suits and had doting parents who were overly protective. During World War II, when I served in the armed forces, I never saw him except on my rare furlough visits home. At such times we had fun riding the big red cars. When my *Interurban News* was born, Chard became the associate editor. His writing did much to make the issues readable and historically accurate. Imagine my surprise on returning home after the war to find Chard working for the Sante Fe, way up in the mountains! Taking that job was the smartest thing he ever did. It built him up physically and saved his life."

Says Rex Cuttell of La Jolla: "Chard's memory is amazing. He can tell you practically the entire roster of Los Angeles Railway cars, with side information thrown in."

In taking pictures, our hero prefers railroad scenics and quaint old stations, but shoots equipment also. He doesn't go for human-interest subjects, not even railroad men at work. Although he finds girls attractive, he dislikes pictures of them in a railroad background. Of all the rail shots he has made, he is especially proud of one showing the 4268, a Southern Pacific cab-ahead detouring through Summit on Santa Fe trackage when a landslide blocked her own line. Another of his favorites depicts LARY 1030, the last Birney safety car to run in the entire Southwest. Chard was the only passenger on its final trip from the car barn to Vernon Yard. Still another shot recalls memories of LARY 9207, a steeple-cab switcher in Vernon Yard, which he operated one day in switching chores. He is pleased also with his color slides of the *Descanso* and the Summit depot in the snow.

Robert O. Hale of San Rafael, Calif., will never forget the moonlit summer night when he first met Chard. "It was on my first trip to Cajon Pass to take pictures," he says. "I wandered around ecstatically until darkness set in. Then I found an old car, which turned out to be the *Descanso*, laid out my bedroll beside it, and tried to sleep. A sharp wind was blowing and I felt miserably cold. Shortly after midnight a tall man with a railroad lantern loomed up out of the night and asked what I was doing there. The man was Chard Walker. He lived in the car and had just come off duty as second-trick operator. He said he remembered having seen my name in a credit line under a photograph in *Railroad Magazine*.

"Sharing the car with him were three cats which were brothers. One railfan who spent much time in the *Descanso* sometimes arrived late at night, after everyone else had gone to bed. He'd open all the windows, cover himself with a pile of handsome Navajo blankets, and enjoy a sound night's sleep while the rest of us nearly froze.

"Chard was proud of his telegraphy. Summit was a Western Union office, but the village had so few people that he got little WU business. When he did copy a telegram he'd beam like a Cheshire cat. My friend has a generous nature. At times he fed visitors who had tropped in without their own lunch and

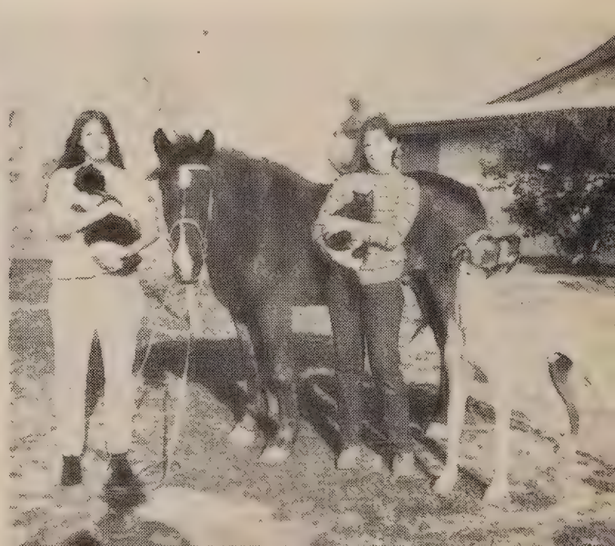
Georgannie Hughes, 19, student tower gal at West Tower in Barstow, Calif., where Chard works. She is blonde with brown eyes and married to SF hostler.

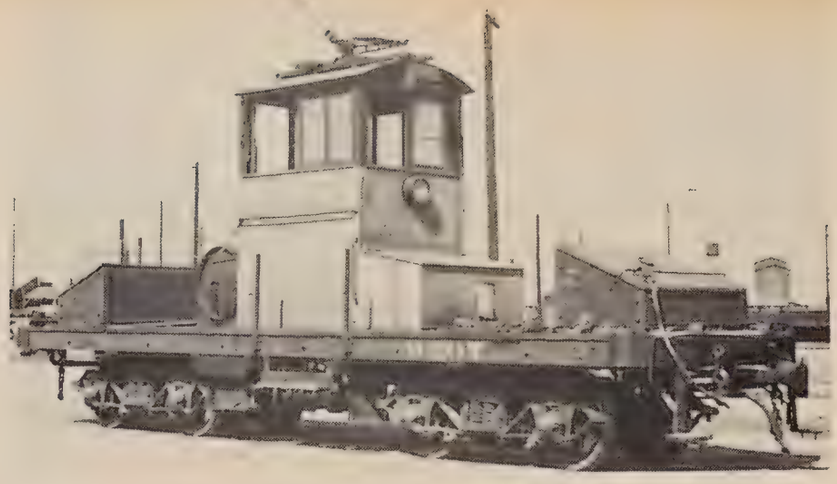
on one occasion he provided a meal for a train crew isolated by heavy rain washing out the track."

Margaret reminisces: "My husband loved that old funeral car. Nine years ago Summit was threatened by a roaring brush fire. It started down on the main Cajon Pass road, got away from the firefighters, and raced over the mountains to us, reaching Summit before the Rangers. I put some of our belongings into our automobile in case we had to evacuate the place in a hurry. One of the first things I grabbed was Chard's big collection of colored railroad slides. Suddenly I noticed that I was alone with the girls. He had gone up to the *Descanso*, about 500 yards away, and was wetting it down with a garden hose to protect that museum piece. Fortunately, the tracks that ran in front of our house acted as a firebreak. The blaze jumped them around the corner, circled back of us, and burned for nearly a week; but we didn't lose anything."

Photograph by Chard Walker

Chard's daughters Judy, 8, and Joy, 7, and son, Lee Nelson, 9, with live steamer in front of their home at Summit. Two daughters in Feb. '73 with cats Max and Dexter, dog Leeroy, and horse Choco.





Chard had fun running this old Los Angeles Railway steeple-cab switcher No. 9207 in spacious Vernon yard on February 14, 1946.
Photograph by Chard Walker

Photograph by Robert Hale
Margaret and Chard in cab of SP narrow-gage loco 9 on Memorial Day, '56.

Listen now to Donald Sims, Northridge, Calif., one of the West Coast's leading photographers, whose work often appears in our magazine.

"Many a time," Don recollects, "while a few of us were visiting Summit, we'd stay up half the night with Chard talking about railroads and looking for the procession of trains and helper engines that growled by. Probably the saddest day in Chard's life was when the Santa Fe closed the station there in 1967 and transferred him to the West Tower in Barstow Yard."

The four Walkers then took up residence at Hesperia, Calif. (P.O. Box 993, zip code 92345), where they have been living ever since in a ranch-style house surrounded by five-eighths of an acre of fenced lot on the Mojave Desert. Chard keeps his collection of railroadiana in their two-car garage, including thousands of colored slides, caboose marker lamps, streetcar roller-type destination signs, and his O-gage model of the *Descanso*. Many railroad pictures adorn the walls mostly original watercolors by Rex Cuttell. Chard also has a rail library and some records of steam sounds. He regularly reads half a dozen national magazines, including *Railroad*, of course.

"I enjoy a certain amount of solitude," he says, "usually at work, which is the second trick (3:59 to 11:59 p.m.) at Barstow."

For ten years they had a boxer named Duke. One day when a helicopter landed near the Summit depot, this dog tried to grab its tail rotor. Poor Duke, who thought he was protecting his master's solitude, was rushed to a veterinarian to get his rump and nose sewed up. A new tail rotor costing $1,100 had to be installed on the whirlybird. The *San Bernardino Sun* illustrated this story with a photo of Duke at the vet's.

In his junior high school days Chard became interested in astronomy and built a six-inch reflecting telescope. Later he served as treasurer of the L.A. Astronomical Society. For three years he was a director of the Pacific Railroad Society and he has been a director, secretary, and president of the California Southern Railroad Museum. He is also an associate member of the Orange Empire Trolley Museum at Perris, Calif., where the *Descanso* was moved in 1967, when the Summit depot was closed.

Chard edited and published a mimeographed railfan journal the *California Southern Express*, for several years.

Like several other *Interesting Railfans,* he plays the pipe organ, and has done so at high school assemblies, at Sunday school, and for a short time on the radio. Chard built a three-manual Artisan electronic organ in 1959-'61.

"While he was living at the company house in Summit," Don Sims recalls, "several of us used to take bets as to which would shake the building more, a heavy passing freight train or Chard at the organ."

As one of Chard's major interests is mainline electrification, the news that the Milwaukee Road has begun to phase out all of its electrification makes him unhappy. He is also a steamfan.

On the night of March 31, 1963, that marked the demise of the LA yellow cars, the final trolley was swathed in mourning garb, and Chard wore a black arm-band.

"We rode that car," recalls Nan Nelson (Mrs. Edwin L. Nelson) of Viroqua, Wisconsin, "and took night pictures. Chard and his wife spent the rest of that night in our home at Montibello. Next morning we went to a car storage area in Vernon and watched and photographed the laying of a section of temporary track as the streetcars were shunted into storage. We were fortunate to be able to join the workers in riding the final trolley for the last few feet it ran under power."

Among Chard's favorite foods are Chinese dishes, oyster stew, French-toasted egg salad sandwiches, milk, anything with crackers, peanut butter, oranges, grapefruit and popcorn. "I rarely drink coffee," he says. "Do not smoke, drink, or gamble."

Chard is a Protestant, rather conservative and punctilious. He has a high regard for slogans such as "Have a place for everything and keep everything in its place" and "First plan your work and then work your plan" and "Do it now; tomorrow may be too late." He is proud to have lived and worked at Summit for 20 years, which he describes as "a railfan's dream come true."

Jack Whitmeyer of the Santa Fe's Engineering Department writes: "I have known Chard Walker since the heyday of steam, when Pacific Electric here in Los Angeles meant 'interurban' and when the narrow-gage yellow cars provided comfortable, non-polluting transit. *Snorts from Summit,* his monthly column in the *California Southern Express,* never missed a beat. Every pulled drawbar was duly noted.

Chard with his collection of railroadiana in garage at Hesperia, Calif.
Photograph by Margaret Walker

"Chard and I talked about the many Cajon photos that *Railroad Magazine* has published, particularly those showing a unique rock formation on the 10-degree curve about a mile above Cajon station. The late Herbert Sullivan made most of those photos. He must have loved that spot, and we decided to call it Sullivan's Curve. Chard lettered that name on the Forestry map in the Summit depot. As time went on, he kept referring to the curve by that name, even on railroad business. The name caught on, helped by calendar descriptions and magazine photo captions. Finally, the Forestry Department made it official by installing new signs carrying the name and an arrow pointing the way beside Highway 66 at Cajon siding. Chard had done it! Did any other railfan ever name a geographical place on a railroad—honoring another railfan?

"Chard is precise, almost to distraction, in his work habits and his hobby. Margaret is my wife's niece, which makes me Uncle Jack. I'm an assistant engineer in maintenance of way. Chard and I date our Santa Fe seniority to 1947, his in June and mine in July."

No. 126 is much concerned by the over-emphasis that Americans place on automotive vehicles and highways. Says he: "More rapid transit lines and commuter railroads are needed. I was 26 years old before I owned an automobile. It was a used civilian jeep, which I painted yellow, liberally sprinkled with black dots. It was equipped with a LARY gong and a pair of Pacific Electric caboose markers. I named her *Diamond Lil.* She made quite a hit scooting up and down the Cajon."

Automobile traffic is, of course, highly dangerous. According to *Insurance Facts,* issued by the Insurance Information Institute, more than 22 million—yes, 22 million—reportable accidents occurred on U.S. highways in 1970. Those accidents killed 54,800 persons and injured 4,983,000! That's right, nearly 5½ million casualities from auto accidents in twelve months! Many people are getting rid of the family car while they are still safe. They don't want to push their luck too hard.

One of the 4,983,000 victims of motor injuries in 1970 was Chard Walker. He was smashed up so badly on Christmas Eve that he had to lay off work for almost four months. His daughter Joy, riding with him at the time, almost miraculously escaped unhurt. While Chard was recuperating, he informed his friends of the details by typing and mimeographing a report in the exact format used by the ICC for reporting train accidents. It was cleverly written and makes good reading matter. ●

IRISH RAILS IN PEACE AND WAR

Text and Photos by
HUGH WILMOTH

Interior of York Road Station, Belfast, showing the bomb shattered roof.

HAVING just returned from a news photography assignment in the Emerald Isle, I am aware that politics there affect railroading as directly as they affect the stock market. Ireland consists of two political entities and has two completely separate railroad systems, each with a different policy. Ulster, in the north, a province of Great Britain, is torn by civil disturbances so vicious and so destructive that the railroads have not undertaken any new investment since 1968. So equipment is old and in bad repair, many stations have been wrecked and are left in skeleton condition, and the freight rolling stock is being cannibalized to keep a few cars in running order.

But in the Republic of Ireland, an independent nation, the economy has encouraged new expenditure for rail equipment. Over the past ten years new locomotives and passenger cars have gone into service. In express trains, taped music and public radio broadcasting are well received, while stations are kept clean and comfortable.

Steel-ribboned railways of the Irish Republic have had only one or two incidents of violence in recent years. These caused but slight damage, as compared to the North, where the rail lines have suffered much destruction of property as well as injuries to personnel. The principal loss to the southern Irish railways, which are known as C.I.E. (Coras Iompair Eirann, in Gaelic), has been in reduced revenue from tourists. Since 1970, foreign travelers have been avoiding Ireland as if it were Vietnam, yet the Irish people living in the Republic are almost as calm and friendly as the people of, say, Nova Scotia.

On the other hand, the Ulster railways often suffer from bombings, shootings, rocket attacks, and torn-up right-of-way. In Belfast, Ulster's provincial capital and largest city (population, about 550,000), all five major railway stations have been badly wrecked by gelignite bombs, a favorite weapon of the terrorists. These bombs are made of gelignite powder, wire, detonator caps, a timer, and batteries, all sealed in packages or suitcases. The deadly parcel is carried into the station by one or two operatives, who casually leave it in a baggage locker, refuse can, behind a counter, or under a bench or tables.

When the dirty work is done by members of the Irish Republican Army (I.R.A.), a phone call to warn of the impending blast always follows the plant. Not so with the Loyalist-planted explosives. Upon receipt of a warning, the building is quickly cleared and a British Army bomb squad is called. This benefits little, however, since the men rarely can defuse the explosives. Each bomb placed in a railroad depot or any other public place increases tension and impairs the government's efforts to keep things under control.

At the present writing, I am in possession of secret information to the

Northern Ireland Railways: York Road Railway Station, Belfast, front view in January, 1973. Evidences of bomb destruction include boarded-up doors, part of roof skeleton showing, broken clock-face on tower, above doors and fan-shaped areas without glass. Total loss is estimated at well over $100,000. One year ago it was an attractive provincial-type terminal, located near the bay in North Belfast. Another interior scene of the depot shows damage to roof and ticket offices (behind plastic). Rainy-day travelers can't find much shelter here. Ulster has many such scenes.

effect that bombings are planned also for railway installations in London and Glasgow this spring and summer. If you wish to see or photograph London's railway terminals, all of them famous and a few recently remodeled, you had better visit them while they are still intact. But should you happen to see a suitcase sitting unattended, don't be curous! Leave the scene very fast. Any photos you may have taken of these stations are likely to have historical value, since they will record to some extent the end of the old order.

Entering the northern shore of the Emerald Isle by boat from Scotland, you run head-on into the religious war and its stepchild, the loss of personal rights. As we landed at Larne, on the East Coast, all passengers with luggage had to undergo a thorough inspection and frisking. When I tried to photograph these unusual procedures, a member of the R.U.C. (Royal Ulster Constabulary) threatened to confiscate my film and camera. What a welcome to Ireland!

From Larne I rode 25 miles to Belfast on an ancient diesel-electric m.u. train. These self-propelled units remind you of the Staten Island Transit cars that were replaced in 1972. The Belfast shuttle trains, operated in three-unit couplings, take travelers from dockside at Larne to the York Road Station in Belfast. This building has been the most severely damaged of all Ulster's stations. One year ago it was an attractive provincial-type terminal, located near the bay in North Belfast. It had a horizontal stone front, well whitewashed, a clock tower and an adjoining station-hotel. A two-span arch roof of steel girders and glass covered the six stub tracks and four platforms. Its square reception area was atrium-styled, with fountains, a statue, plants, and benches at the center as well as a magazine stand, ticket office, cafe, and rest rooms around the outside walls. Now York Road Station today is only a shadow of what it used to be.

A few months ago a bomb exploded there, blowing off the entire roof, demolishing the ticket office, and damaging the magazine stand. Since then the hotel has been closed as a precaution, and the tower clock no longer tells time; but plastic sheeting shields you partially from wind and rain.

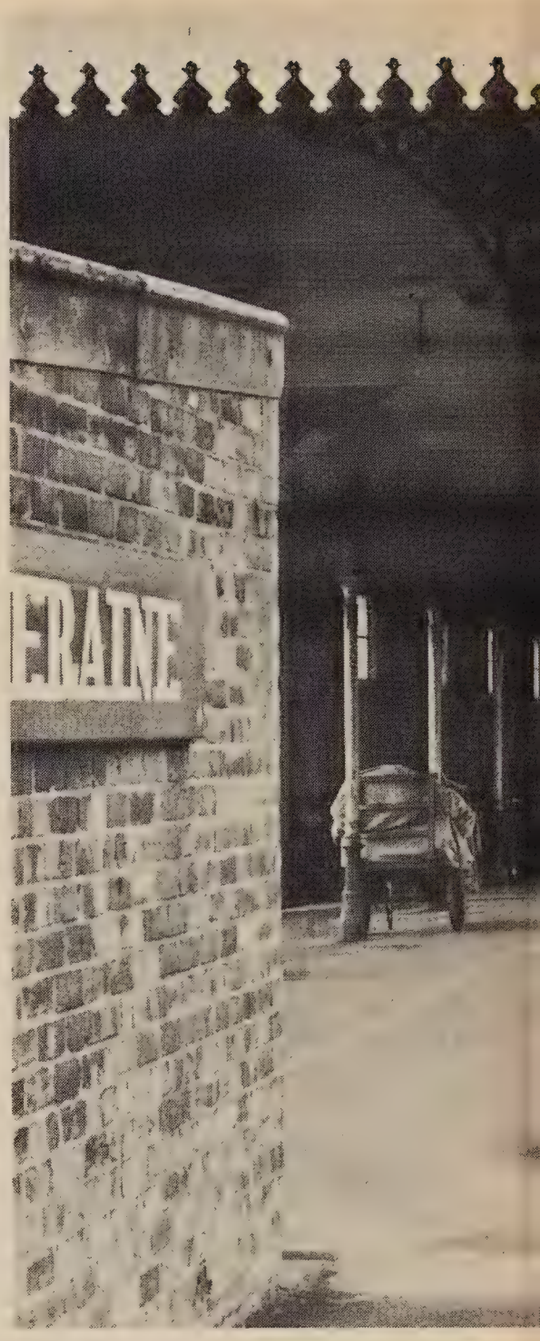
You can see the British-held part of Ireland by taking a train that leaves from York Road; but if you want to drink tea until train time you may have to stand, as the few seats in the cafe are usually filled. Contrary to the practice in southern Ireland and in England, you can't get a timetable in Ulster without paying for it. N.I.R. charges the equivalent of 12½ cents in U.S. money for a timetable. It is not brochure style, as in America, but a set of cards stuck neatly in a paper envelope. Consulting them is a bit like a gypsy seance; if you find the right schedule, it's purely by chance.

However, train arrivals and departures are posted on bulletin boards in the stations, so you don't have to buy a timetable unless you want to keep a ready reference. From York Road Station your train heads west on N.I.R.'s one and only main line (usually single-tracked) that serves the hamlets and towns from Antrim (20 miles from Belfast) to Londonderry (75 miles west, but 100 miles by rail). As you glide through the unspoiled countryside on surprisingly smooth roadbed, the sights you behold are peaceful enough. Sheep and cows graze on gently rolling pastures that connect isolated cottages with sleepy villages.

But when the diesel-electric trains—looking much like the Chicago North Shore articulated units that now traverse the Red Arrow right-of-way between Philadelphia and Norristown, Pa.—stop at Ballymoney or Coleraine, the violence of the times is evident. At every station where my train stopped I noticed scars of bombings or shootings. Windows were cracked, without glass, or boarded up. A depot with one wall blown out will have torn plastic sheets, flapping at the corners, hung across the gaping hole to keep out the elements.

In no station will you find lockers for checking baggage. Since bombs are often hidden in lockers, railway officials have removed this usual convenience and you must keep your luggage while on railroad property. Even a bag or suitcase left standing for a moment while you buy a newspaper will be lifted immediately by a station guard for fear it might contain a bomb.

When you arrive at Londonderry (the Irish call it Derry), the western terminus of the N.I.R., the scene suggests the mid-19th century England that Charles Dickens knew. Except for the absence of the "snorting, puffing steam engines," as Dickens put it, the Londonderry station (also called the Waterside Terminal) could be a movie set for *The Great Gatsby* or *David Copperfield*. Built a century ago by the Belfast & Northern Counties Railway, it



resembles a dark gray stone castle. On one corner stands a square clock tower. Wind shrieks through the open reception area and along the platforms. The drab black trainshed lets in as little sun as possible, and one wall next to the ticket office is boarded up—a grim reminder of the bomb which tore out the stationmaster's office and the men's rest room.

Located on the banks of the River Tyne, the station's proximity to the predominantly pro-British Waterside District and the Ebrington barracks of the British Army did not protect it from I.R.A. attack.

Any tourist who wants to see a truly peaceful, beguiling Ireland at its best must retrace his steps (or rather his tracks) by train to Belfast. Then he should transfer by bus or taxi from York Road Station to the Grand Victoria Station in center-city. From this

At the Coleraine Station in Northern Ireland, two NIR mu's pause midway in their opposite journeys between Belfast and Londonderry. On the platform stand a baggage guard and the engineer of the afternoon train to Belfast, ready to enter the driver's compartment of unit 75. Meanwhile, a "ground mechanic" checks the Londonderry-bound train on the right. Ornate iron-work on pillar capitals is typical of railway.

terminal depart all the trains for the south and Dublin, the gateway to the true Ireland of warmth and welcome. Three mainlines radiate from Dublin to Cork and Waterford on the South Coast, to Limerick on the West Coast, and to Galway in the Northwest.

While waiting for the Dublin departure from Belfast, you observe the desolation and signs of terror on every hand. The Grand Victoria Station (now only a trainshed) has been hit by five separate bomb attacks! The adjoining Europa Hotel (Belfast's newest downtown hotel) was bombed and threatened so often last year that its security is more like a prison than a hotel. Unless you are a registered guest there, you cannot enter, even to eat a meal in the dining room. Guards will check your purse or packages on entering. If you are admitted, the view out the window from your table will be of British Army trucks and armored vehicles rumbling and clattering in endless procession otuside on Queen Street.

But once the train leaves Belfast you can breathe easier; and an hour later, as you cross the border without stopping for customs check, you can sit back and relax, knowing that your train is now in the peaceful Irish Republic. If you like, you can be an uninhibited train watcher on vacation. No violence to worry about in the south.

And when you reach Dublin you'll find much to keep your notebook and camera busy. For in Ireland's capital city three railway stations await your inspection. Arriving from Belfast, you will be greeted by pretty colleens, often redheaded and blue-eyed, in Connolly Station. Across the river is Pearse Station, a sort of suburban annex comparable to Philadelphia's Suburban Station and its 30th Street Station. One mile west on the leisurely flowing river are Heuston Station and the C.I.E. headquarters building. That station was designed by Sancton Wood in 1840 and completed in 1844. It is considered the finest example of non-ecclesiastical architecture remaining in Ireland from the Victorian era.

Fanning out of Dublin in any direction you can enjoy fast, smooth travel by orange and brown C.I.E. "supertrains" to quaint castles and remote hamlets. Picturesque "halts" (country stations) and hand-worked signals delight the traditionalist railfan. You can even see maintenance-of-way teams working with donkey power. For the modernist there are "radio trains," with hostesses on board, and tiled station platforms and on-time arrivals. But see for yourself—don't take my word for it! The Ireland of a thousand welcomes is waiting for you as it waited for me. ●

From the viewpoint of high-quality railroad picture-taking, this shot has three strikes against it: (1) the grafitti, (2) the automobile, and (3) especially the fact that the lovely girl, Cathy Garren (a university student), on whom the camera is focused, is not showing any interest at all in the gleaming *Silver Streak* as it pulls away from the station at Lakeland, Florida. The first two items are not the photographer's fault.
Photograph by William T. Morgan

NEITHER brass collars on the Long Island Rail Road nor passenger-train enthusiasts feel very happy over the results of the 50-day strike by organized rail labor, ending January 20th, that resulted in a sharp—and possibly permanent—drop in the number of commuters who patronize the LIRR.

The sharpness of this drop is a secret to the public. Business fell off an alarming 30 percent the day after the strike ended. Since then it has picked up a little, but LIRR president Walter Schlager refuses to say how much.

"We're not putting out anything until we do a comprehensive study," he told newsmen. "Let's count every damn nose and find out where we are."

Taking the cue from his boss, Hank Boerner, the road's director of public relations and community affairs, isn't talking, either. "We don't have any statistics," he said. "Not yet."

Last month, *Railroad Magazine* carried a four-page spread of pictures made by J. C. Farrington, manager of LIRR photo services, showing how complete the long tie-up was. Maybe the number of the road's passengers will eventually return to normal. Maybe. But right now things don't look so good. The *New York Post* survey on January-February statistics of other modes of travel on the island as compared with the same period last year came up with some disconcerting facts:

Traffic on the Southern State Parkway is up by nearly 5000 cars a day, according to actual count at the toll booths.

Auto travel on the Northern State Parkway, the Long Island Expressway, and other major highways linking Nassau County with New York City also indicates a marked increase over 1972 since the strike ended.

Nassau County bus lines are carrying more commuters into the city than at any time in their history during non-strike periods.

Even Island Helicopters Inc., which flies from Roosevelt Field to Wall Street and East 34th Street heliports, reports a 50 to 75 percent increase in business over the same period last year.

According to John J. Bonacum, administrative officer of the Long Island State Park Commission, 4,424,834 autos passed through the Southern State Parkways 10-cent toll booth from Jan. 20th to Feb. 28th. In the same period last year, the count was 4,254,-485. That's an increase of 170,349. And, of course, a large proportion of those autos carried more than one passenger. Pool riding on the island's highways is increasing.

It would seem that the long-suffering commuters—many of them, anyhow—were fed up with the strike and decided not to ride the rails any more between their homes and their jobs in the big city. A future walkout on the same road could be even more disastrous.

AMTRAK has dropped the experimental high-speed *Turbo-train* service between Washington and Parkersburg, W. Va., because it did not develop public interest, an Amtrak spokesman states. He says, furthermore:

"Even with improved schedules, a 10 percent fare reduction, and other promotional efforts—plus continuing the service an additional seven months—the number of riders per month did not increase."

Amtrak has added a morning train from Hartford to Boston and rescheduled commuter runs from Hartford to New York, effective April 20th, but these time changes are relatively minor. Elsewhere throughout the country other changes have been made. Effective June 10th, for example, Amtrak rerouted its daily Chicago-to-Houston train, the *Texas Chief,* so that now for the first time it will serve Dallas, Corsicana and Bryan, the location of Texas A&M University.

On a nationwide basis, Amtrak announced a standard baggage policy. Its main features are a cancellation of service charge for checking luggage, a limit of three pieces of free checked baggage per adult, two per child, and five per family-plan ticket. Excess weight charges are now based on coach —instead of first-class—fares.

The free baggage allowance for checked baggage is 150 pounds for each adult and 75 pounds per child paying half fare. On family-plan tickets, the free allowance is 300 pounds per family. Whenever possible, checked baggage will be forwarded on the same train the passenger is using. When a train does not have a baggage car, baggage will be shipped on the next train which does.

Another ruling restores first-class fares for sleeping-car passengers on all Santa Fe trains. (The Santa Fe had adopted a policy of honoring coach tickets in sleeping cars as long ago as Sept. 1, 1970, eight months before Amtrak took over.) The change means that sleeping-car passengers on the *Super Chief* and *Texas Chief* now are again required to pay a first-class fare —rather than the former coach fare— plus their room charge. The charge puts travelers on Santa Fe operated trains on the same basis as the rest of the Amtrak system.

Barbara Kreimer was asked, "Does Amtrak carry any kind of passenger insurance in case of a train wreck?" Barbara checked with Richard Johnson of Chicago, manager of Amtrak station services. He says no; that's the responsibility of the individual railroads, and they're self-insured. In the event of a wreck or injury, claims are handled by whichever railroad Amtrak is operating on at the time.

CBS TELEVISION'S "Sixty Minutes" took Amtrak to task with a full display of problems ranging from badly-maintained tracks to the management ability of Roger Lewis, president of Amtrak. U.S. Senator Vance Hartke told the interviewer (Mike Wallace) that Lewis doesn't have "that type of imagination, that type of dedication to really continue this operation. I'm not sure he wants to keep it going. I'm not sure he himself is dedicated to a continuity of passenger service for people." The interviewer interjected: "Now wait a second. What you're suggesting is that he's taken a job to preside over the demise of passenger traffic?"

Replied Hartke: "We have people, you know, who are in the liquidation business, all through the country. And I think maybe Roger Lewis is one of them."

Lewis himself made some good points: "We in Amtrak have a responsibility to the public to surface this argument so there can be a debate about the role of railroad passenger service. . . . This country spends tremendous amounts of money on transportation. A very small amount of that total directed to railroad passenger service would produce very significant results."

Generally, the program brought out the deficiencies of Amtrak, but failed to show its accomplishments. A free copy of the transcript of the program is available from the National Association of Railroad Passengers, 417 New Jersey Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

A brochure *Who Owns The Land?* is available at 40 cents a copy from the Center for Rural Studies, 345 Franklin St., San Francisco. It has a section on "Railroad Empires," interesting data on the history of Western railroads.

PLIGHT of a female commuter on the Illinois Central Gulf electric line is related in the company's monthly newsletter. The rider is identified only as Janet. She says: "One day I got to the station just in time to park my car and run to catch the train. When I reached for my purse I found I had left it at home. I had no ticket nor even a dime to phone someone. I had to get to work that day, so I explained my problem to the ticket agent. She was super helpful—she gave me a ticket on credit and even made me take $1 from her own purse to use in case of emergency. I am very grateful."

NEW JERSEY'S Governor William Cahill has this message for motorists: "We are choking on the fumes of our own exhaust. We are spending literally millions of unproductive hours examining the bumpers of our neighbors' cars, and we stand immobilized, waiting for trains that never arrive. The time has come to say *enough.*"

Bumper stickers proclaiming "Avoid Strain, Take the Train" are available at cost from Gene Ransom, 2102 Burns Lane, Camden, S.C. 29020. Send a self-addressed large envelope with 16 cents postage affixed plus $1 (for six stickers).

Another governor, Thomas J. Meskill of Connecticut, says Amtrak should set standards for service and help the railroads to meet them. His appeal, addressed to the ICC, would let "designated railroads" hand over to Amtrak the financial responsibility for part of their operations.

"Amtrak's support to these services," he says, "could be both to operating costs as well as to the maintenance and improvement of roadbeds and so on."

THE U.S. GOVERNMENT, through some such medium as Amtrak, should own the railroad tracks between Boston and Washington and run passenger trains in this corridor, says John P. Fishwick, president of the Norfolk & Western. He wants the Government to buy these tracks as a step in the solution of the problem created by the bankruptcy of six major Eastern railroads. The N&W and the Chessie system are the only large roads in the East not in receivership!

Noting that the Department of Transportation has been supporting research on air-cushion vehicles and that other nations are experimenting with other forms of rapid surface transportation, he says: "We will soon see 'trains' somewhere in the world operating at speeds of 200 to 300 mph over new kinds of 'tracks,' and the American public will expect such trains to be operated in this country."

He points out that the capital costs of providing this type of service between Washington and Boston would run into billions of dollars, far beyond the capacity of any existing private transportation company or companies.

"Never will there be a better time than now for the Federal Government to acquire a right-of-way between Washington, New York, and Boston," he adds. "The price, based upon net liquidation value, will never be lower."

There is no solid reason why the success of Amtrak's *Metroliners* between Washington and New York can't be duplicated in all of the nation's urban areas, according to Senator Abe Ribicoff (D., Conn.).

"Thousands of travelers now prefer the train on this run," he says. "They fly to New York only when there are no seats left on *Metro.*"

"We must realize that efficient rail service is expensive. If we really want it, we will have to pay the price. But investing in modern railroads now will save us money in the future."

Famous Reading Terminal landmark at 12th and Market, Philadelphia.
Photograph by Bob Storks

HIGH SPEED passenger service between Washington, D.C., and Richmond, Va., may depend on a major study now being made jointly by the Commonwealth of Virginia and the Federal Railroad Administration. Results of the six-month survey by two consulting firms will be announced this summer. Among other items, it will evaluate the feasibility of extending to Richmond the present fast rail service between Boston and Washington.

A complete inspection is being made by the consultants, who are familiar with railroad structures, systems, and maintenance practices. They are studying critical locations such as curves where speeds of 120 to 150 mph may be a problem. Where necessary, track realignment costs will be estimated. Signal and communication systems also will be inspected at major control points.

Both conventional and high-speed operation will be evaluated, including *Metroliner*-style cars (120-160 mph), *Turbo-train* (120-160 mph), diesel locomotives (100-120 mph), and British Advanced Passenger Train (120-160 mph).

SOUTHERN RAILWAY has been awarded a special citation by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare's Food and Drug Administration for "your impressive record of dining-car sanitation for the fiscal year of 1972." It was the only railroad to receive such a citation last year. Incidentally, the Southern is one of America's very few major roads whose passenger trains are not run by Amtrak.

"YOUR April issue mentions the 43-mile ride by passengers in a caboose of the Tucson, Cornelia & Gila Bend in Arizona, from Gila Bend to Ajo," writes John L. Smith, 725 37th St., N.W., Canton, Ohio 44709. "I took that ride, along with Ron De Grau of Philadelphia. The mixed train follows its schedule closely. It's a delightful ride through desert and mountain country. Conductor Tom Wiley, who collects your 97¢ fare each way, gives a good running commentary on the area, asks you to sign his autograph album, and gives you a copy of the road's 1960 timetable and operating rules. He said a movie producer would use the road's trackage to make a film entitled *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing*. The TC&GB is owned by Phelps-Dodge Corp., which uses it to haul smeltered copper."

AND HERE is a letter from Ronald Vane, 823 Valparaiso Ave., Menlo Park, Calif. 94025: "I read your item that begins 'Let's all move to Japan' and goes on to say that passenger-train fares there, when adjusted for inflation, cost one-twelfth today what they did in 1872. A Central Pacific timetable of about 1870 lists $53 as the fare between San Francisco and Ogden, Utah. My latest Amtrak timetable shows the fare between those points is $40.75. To adjust for inflation we need only compare wages then and now. In the 1870's the average working man made about $1 a day, while the highest-paid labor in the West, unionized miners of the Comstock Lode in Virginia City, got $4 a day. Today, unskilled labor earns about $2 an hour, or $16 a day. Many union members get $8 an hour. Thus the inflation factor is about 16. This makes the 1870 rail fare in today's dollars about $850, and today's fare is about 5 percent of that. Why move to Japan?"

Down by the Depot

KANSAS CITY'S Union Station, like many other railroad depots, is in jeopardy. So says Mrs. Jacqueline Seligson, architect and secretary-treasurer of the city's Landmarks Commission. She points out that the proposal to demolish its waiting room for a sports arena would destroy one of the landmark's great assets and could complicate the development of the city as a hub for high-speed train traffic.

One reason why American architectural landmarks are being destroyed, she says, is that most American schools give no indication that the U.S. has any architectural masterpieces. When students become business and civic lead-

You can ride in caboose of mixed train on the Tucson, Cornelia & Gila Bend in Arizona from Gila Bend to Ajo, 43 miles. Ron DeGrau poses on platform.
John L. Smith, 725 37th St., N.W., Canton, Ohio 44709

Remember the Jersey Central's steam-powered *Blue Comet?* It's shown here leaving Atlantic City on March 23, 1938. Bruce C. Saylor, 2836 Leon Ave., Audubon, Pa. 19407

ers, they think nothing of tearing down old buildings for new ones.

The following plaint comes from Cheri Rhodes, 13701 Spruce St., Grandview, Kan.: "I am a junior high school student and it seems to me that a certain historic landmark in Kansas City is being left to rot because it no longer is needed. This is the Union Station, which played a very important part in our city's past.

"Now the station is being used as a restaurant and a theater for X-rated movies. Outside of it, all it says is 'The Landmark.' The building is not being used for anything else. Only a few freights and a small number of passenger trains pass through this once busy station."

"MY NOMINATION for the passenger station in the worst state of disrepair is Penn Central's (Big Four) depot at Kankakee, Illinois, where Amtrak's *George Washington* stops." —Thomas F. Miller, 1613-B Rickey Rd., Charlottesville, Va. 22901. (*Ed. note*: Anyone else have a nomination?)

ONCE a port for passenger and freight service in the days of steam and hoof power, the Maple Street depot in Hartville, Ohio, is now just a tattered, old gray building. It's still occupied by Norfolk & Western and serves local industry, but it's a far cry from the heyday of the railroad.

"Local stations are like corner groceries," says station agent Ralph 'Hoot' Gibson. "Before long, there won't be any more."

The static crackle of a radio has replaced the click of the telegraph key, which Gibson was hired to operate when he joined the railroad. Passenger service was discontinued in the 1930's.

A fact of life with almost any local agent is that his "days are numbered" and that before long, because of computerization, there no longer will be a need for him.

"The railroad will be controlled by computers from a central location," Gibson admits sadly, "and they'll be able to do everything I do."

AT LEAST one of Nova Scotia's many small railway stations has been saved from disuse and neglect. Complete cleaning, painting, and extensive repairs of the old Louisburg depot turned a decaying relic into an attractive and interesting spot. A tourist information center occupies part of the building. Apart from this is a determined attempt to preserve the look and atmosphere of a turn-of-the-century depot. The line between Louisburg and Sydney is gone, but a coach and caboose are on display at Louisbourg. The station is staffed largely by volunteers, including former railway men.

List of Publications

***Passenger Train Journal*, quarterly, 35 large pages, supercoated paper, illustrated, $1.25 a copy, one year $4.50, two years $8, three years $11. Kevin McKinney founder, Otto Janssen, managing editor, 29 E. Broad St., Hopewell, N.J. 08525.**

***Rail Travel*, twice monthly, 20 small pages, illustrated, 25¢ a copy, $6 a year, editor James Russell, P.O. Box 9007, Berkeley, Calif. 94709.**

***The Bulletin: Railroad Station Historical Society*, 14 large pages illustrated, bi-monthly, for members of RSHS, dues $3 a year, edited and published by William F. Rapp (one of *Railroad Magazine's* "Interesting Railfans,") 430 Ivy Ave., Crete, Neb. 68333.**

***News from National Association of Railroad Passengers*, illustrated, published monthly except November, subscription is through membership fee to NARP, $3 of which applies to one-year subscription. Contributing membership fee $10 a year. 417 New Jersey Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.**

A new book, *The Vanishing Depot*, by Ranulphe Bye will be put out by Livingston Publishing Co., 18 Hampstead Circle, Wynnewood, Pa. 19096.

NOT IN THE CONTRACT

PART 2 — BY HARRY BEDWELL

AS THE CABOOSE stumbled out on to the main line in the darkness, engineer "Bricks" McLennon felt for any remaining slack back there in the mile length of Fifth 615. He caught the highball that brakeman Hi Wheeler relayed through the fourth brakeman atop the train. Then he jockeyed the throttle with cunning, rapidly building up speed. He was going to make the farthest point possible on the orders he had, before being forced into the hole again.

The huge cab-ahead A-C Mallet thundered impetuously under his hand. Mercury and Dry Well—lonely blind sidings—romped by as the green block-signal lights sprang up ahead. At Toby, extra 4253 east was off the main in the siding for their meet. A local freight was in the clear at Mesquite and heading down the branch into Verde Valley. But at Planet, the female operator was slow giving him the board.

That gal was always reluctant. As a last resort to bring her to the alert, Bricks sounded the whistle for an imaginary road crossing and got set for a quick stop in case the red eye didn't clear. The signal fell just before he passed under it.

Bricks breathed normally again and let her roll, watching the headlight probe the distant dark. The DS had given him forty minutes on Number 4, the next consist he'd have to meet. That put the passenger train at Slate at 8:57, Raven at 8:52, and The Nettles at 8:45. You figured backward on a train coming at you.

The old Mallet seemed to think she was headed for the roundhouse, for she galloped as though anxious to get home. She handled her tonnage with the high-headed elegance of a lady who'd made up her mind. She hadn't been shined up for two or three years and was shabby to look at, but her stack sounded off with abrupt authority. If a brake-beam or hotbox or block signal failure didn't interrupt, they'd made Raven for Number 4, with plenty of time to clear the varnish.

Bricks checked his speed against the march of telegraph poles alongside. The Mallet was certainly going to town. He might even make The Nettles for his meet, the way she was rolling. But he'd have to crack the seconds to be in the clear there at 8:45 that night.

He nipped another tuck in the throttle, and the A-C took it without a shudder. If he held this pace he could make The Nettles for Number 4. It might be a tight fit, but look at the time he'd save meeting all those other trains coming at him.

Bricks' adroit glance swept the gages on the boilerhead. He nodded cheerfully to his fireman lounging on his seatbox across the cab.

The speed of Fifth 615 quickened. As the caboose bounced along, Conway, the ailing conductor lying on a cushioned bench, groaned and got up. His distressed stomach wouldn't take it. He climbed into the cock-loft beside Hi Wheeler and squinted at his train rocking out ahead. That long line of shadowy, jostling cars weaving through the starlight made him even more bilious.

ROARING by Slate, conductor Conway saw the naked rails of her siding glint dimly. They'd come farther than he had thought. He consulted his watch. Back there at Gravity, when Eddie Sand, a boomer brass pounder, had given him and Bricks their orders, they'd figured on going to Slate for the varnish. Yet Bricks was passing up that desolate siding like a pay-car would a tramp and had whipped her up to make Raven instead. He'd likely make it all right without stabbing the passenger train, but Conway didn't like to take even a slight chance.

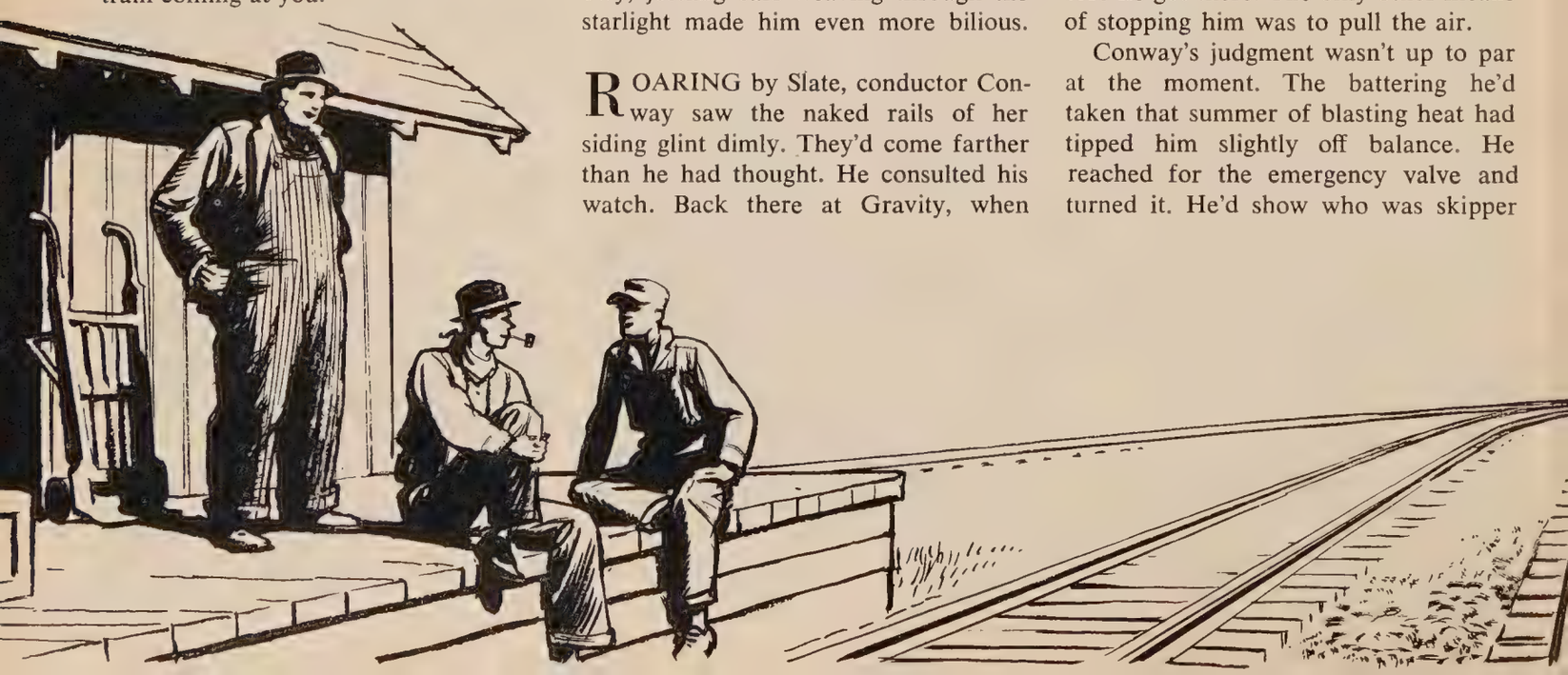
The skipper stared at his watch, computing time and distance in his hazy mind. Bricks was rolling them. The engine ought to be up there at the Raven mileboard by now, but Bricks wasn't easing her up to head in.

The conductor's abused stomach and harassed nerves tightened as he peered into the darkness. The bald spot in the mesquite and creosote brush that marked the Raven blind siding showed up in the distant beam of the Mallet's headlight. Bricks was running Raven. He was going to The Nettles for Number 4.

Conway's worry increased. The general manager, Buck Barabe, got tough these days if you let a dead freight delay a transcontinental passenger train.

Two-way radio between cab and caboose hadn't been installed yet and the brakemen up ahead were never looking back at the right moment to relay a signal. Even if they caught his sign to head in at Raven, Bricks would keep his stiff-necked gaze to the front so he wouldn't see it. That obstinate hogger was driving for The Nettles and he'd be blind to any orders to turn in before he got there. The only other means of stopping him was to pull the air.

Conway's judgment wasn't up to par at the moment. The battering he'd taken that summer of blasting heat had tipped him slightly off balance. He reached for the emergency valve and turned it. He'd show who was skipper



of this train. He'd stop Bricks, turn him in at Raven, and be damned to him.

Compressed air made a sibilant whisper. The brakes went on with a roar that ran the length of the train in a grim tornado of sound.

Maybe Conway in his feverish haste had turned the emergency valve too abruptly and too far; or perhaps the air-braking system had a leak near the rear which caused the trouble. There are any number of reasons why brakes dynamite when pressure is drawn off a mile of train line, causing the brake-shoes to grab the rolling wheels. Whatever the cause, it's usually disastrous.

The noise sounded as though an earthquake had hit the speeding train. Drawbars clashed and thundered. The weaving string of cars staggered wildly as the brakes slammed into emergency action. The long line of wheels ringed with swarms of leaping sparks.

A tank car of oil in the middle of the train bucked and floundered. Her rear end lifted as the liquid content was flung to the front of the big tank by the sudden check. The blunt rear end was thrust up above the tops of adjoining cars, clearing the king pin which held the rear truck under the frame.

The truck was hurled clear of the rails. The tank nosed into the ties, grinding them to splinters. It wrenched over on its side and rolled off into the desert. The front half of Fifth 615 pulled away from the rear for a dozen car-lengths before it crashed to a stand.

Tall, lanky brakeman Hi Wheeler came on the dispatcher's wire from the concrete telephone booth at Raven to make the initial report. His conductor had collapsed. Fifth 615 was all over the ground. Yeah, the hogger was trying to make The Nettles on short time against Number 4 and the skipper had vetoed the move because the Old Man had burnt his pants just the other day for delaying a varnish. Besides, the con had a bad stomach today.

Hi tried to pile on all the extenuating details that his lively brain could devise, so as to spread the blame out thin. But the DS brought him back sharply to essentials.

Yeah, when the skipper saw his hogger wasn't goin' to head in at Raven, he pulled the air on Bricks McLennon from the caboose. Trouble was, the brakes had dynamited. It was sure a mess—three or four car-lengths of road torn up. It'd take the big hook and the rest of a relief outfit, including the extra gang and all the section crews they could pick up along the way.

AS READY for quick action as a city fire department, the relief train moved out at once. The men and equipment needed for the emergency were brought together to the scene of the disaster.

While the big hook rolled in, the road began to stand still. The wrecker's engine backed the rear of Fifth 615's train off and ran it in at Slate. Then the crane nuzzled into the disorder. Gandy dancers swarmed over the torn-up track, removing broken ties and twisted rails and replacing them with new material.

Hi Wheeler held the phone to keep headquarters up to the minute on what was going on. Stranded passengers from Number 4 found him the only one at the scene willing to give out information.

Listening in at Gravity, Eddie Sand could hear Hi blithely reassuring people right and left.

It came to light from conversations on the dispatcher's wire that one of the pressing items which had brought Buck Barabe out to Yarbo was to protect the movement of three sections of a hot-shot. The Yarbo yard was choked and Barabe was out to see that when these three trains came along they didn't get entangled in the jam. But with the break in the line, all forward movement stopped, while east of Yarbo, the schedules banked up.

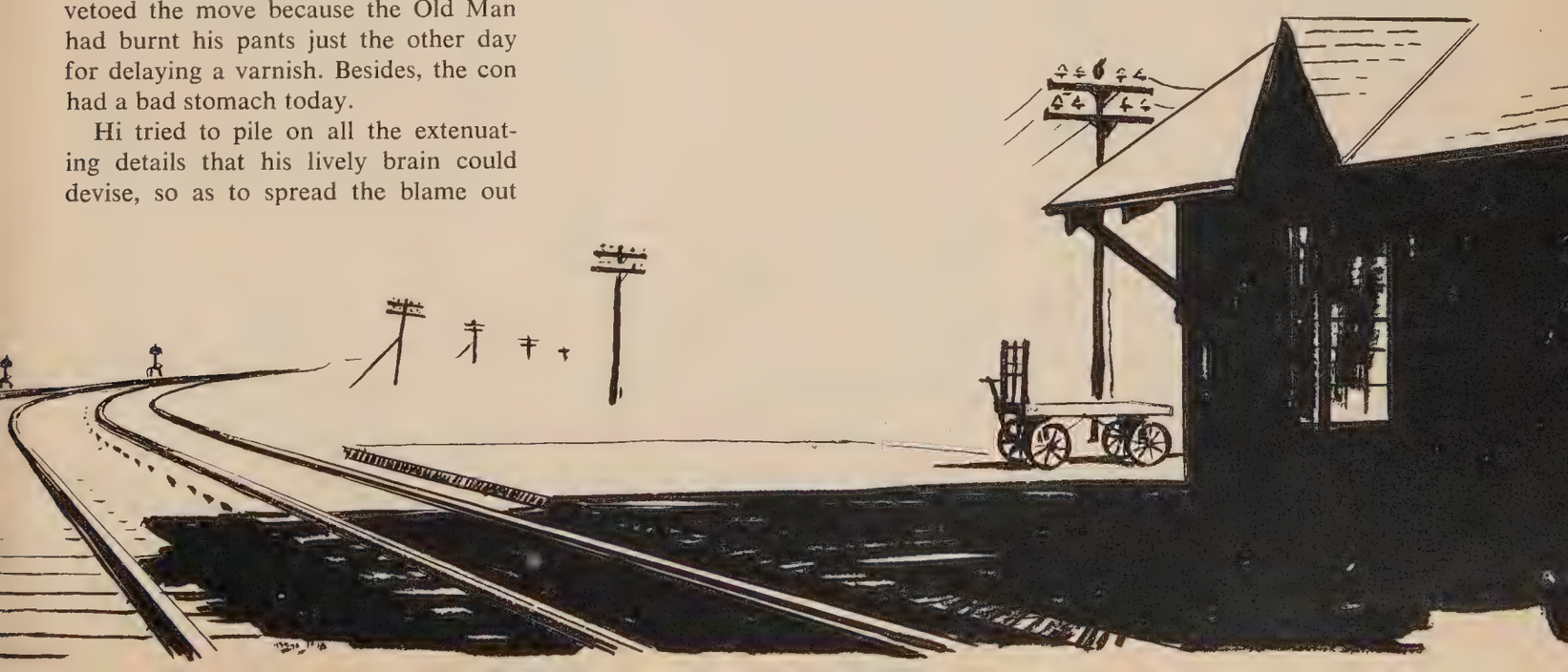
Hanging onto the dispatcher's phone, Eddie figured that the three must be damned important when Barabe himself had to be on hand to smash the blockade. The Old Man came on the wire now and then to confer with Wallace Sterling, the dispatcher. His voice had a kind of abrupt restraint; the breaks were going against him at this critical point, and he was as watchful as a prowling old wolf.

The tension tightened. Eddie felt stress crawl along the wire. Perhaps this was it; the string of unfortunate events begun that afternoon was on the move again. He didn't know exactly why, but he was braced for whenever misfortune should deal another hand in the muffled dark.

The local freight conductor, thirty miles down the Mesquite branch in Verde Valley, came on the wire to report some additional bad news. He had six cars of perishables on the ground and they'd have to send out the big hook to pick 'em up and re-rail them. . . . Sure, they were green vegetables. All six of 'em. Need he remind the DS that the sun'd been shining like hell and the ice in the bunkers of the reefers would presently melt, causing much deterioration?

The big hook had finished cleaning up the wreckage at Raven and the gangs had nearly completed the patch in the line. They could now move down the branch and pick up the six perishables.

Assembling the relief train, they loaded on half the extra gang. With the crane on the rear so it would be on the head end when they shoved down the branch—and the engine backing up, the relief train steamed off toward Mesquite.



CASUAL conversation washed out on the dispatcher's wire when Hi Wheeler announced from Raven that Number 4 was moving cautiously across the repaired break in the tracks. The line was again in service.

Traffic across the district began to stir. Stalled trains pulled out of sidings onto the main iron and took up their interrupted schedules. The single track was once more crowded with drags and hotshots and varnish which had to be met and passed with as little delay as possible.

In the controlled confusion of the dispatcher's room, aloof in an office building 200 miles from the struggle taking place out on the desert end, Walley Sterling pondered the big trainsheet an instant, reviewing his intricate dispositions. The trains roaring through the dark were merely inked-in figures on the page columns marching up one side and down the other, as he recorded the OS's of the operators.

Walley had the opposing schedules, eastbound and west, fixed on one another. He had made close estimates as to where each would be at any given time and had reckoned the point at which the trains in the two lines would meet every other train coming toward them. His plans and dispositions were all in order.

The listless district set itself to take the load. Operators in lonely posts, tied to telephones under dim hot lamplight, reported all movements as they developed and waited his call to execute some swift maneuver. Copy a last second order while the headlight of the train for which it was intended probed through the bow window, slap it down, get it out, and hoop it up to ashcat and brakeman as the train blasted past. If you missed and the train had to stop for it, that would impair the dispatcher's whole scheme.

Reports of the ops flooded in. Departure time as the brakeman closed the switch and flung a highball while running forward to catch the hind end; a note from an engineer that he would have to take water at Mica; a reminder that a crew would be dead on the law at 12:35. The brass pounders were fretful, their voices on the wire strained and jittery. There was no relief from the heat and desolation, the strain of being alert seven days a week without respite.

Yarbo reported in a dull singsong that they'd got the three hotshots untangled and were coming up the main. The orders were out to run them as First, Second and Third 641.

"Ho-kay." Walley took another swift glance at his trainsheet. "How long before the first section is set?"

"The ringmaster says," the Yarbo op chanted dismally, "as soon as they change engines. First 641 has just stopped in front of the station. They're cutting off his road hauler and the relief engine's coming down the water track to tie on."

"Clear him up," DS ordered.

"Clear First 641," the op intoned, "with orders 894, 899, and 902."

"Okay at 10:26 p.m. Let me know the minute he breaks loose," Walley said quietly. The real pressure was on now and his mind moved with untroubled precision. "And when you get him wrapped up, you can clear the second section."

TENSION was crawling along the wire again. Barabe's blunt order was to give the three sections a ride. If you fumbled and failed to get an order up to one of them on the fly, you'd be considerably mortified. The Old Man's reprimand wouldn't hurt so much. It was the snickers of your fellow craftsmen that would singe you, and you'd hate yourself for bungling.

Then the Yarbo operator came on again. "Clear Second 641—"

The windows of Yarbo depot were open to the hot night. Sounds from the yard outside sifted onto the wire through the transmitter around his jaded voice.

Yarbo yard seethed. Switchmen—the pinners and the fielders—dogged it under the parched stars, shuffling the congestion of cars, making them fit into their proper lines. Ops across the district could hear the clang of a switcher's bell and the roar as a Mallet popped. The heavy eruptions of an engine's stack swelled and blurred the metallic tones of the languid brass pounder clearing Second 641.

"—with orders Number 894—"

The shrill howl of a locomotive whistle danced across the wire and burst in headphones. It was no book of rules signal the hogger was sounding. That shriek out of the turmoil of the yard was an indignant protest and an anguished warning. The ops in their stations strung along the glittering ribbon of steel could feel the crisis.

But the weary Yarbo operator didn't allow it to interrupt his inevitable routine. "—899—"

A dim crash shivered along the wire, followed by a rending, dragging sound.

"—*and* 902," the op's dreary voice persisted. Finished, he went beyond his dreary ritual. "They've sure busted things out there in the yard."

"Better find out if it's going to tie us up," Walley urged.

Wires moaned in the stillness. The stars came down close and fluttered with curious speculation. The brooding desert crowded in.

In the silence an op chipped in a crisp OS and another quickly cleared an approaching train. They had already experienced everything that could happen to a busy railroad. Now they waited passively while another calamity was written into the record.

Yarbo's arid tones broke in: "The road engine they just cut off First 641 got sideswiped by her relief coming off the water track. Both of them are all over the ground!"

"What does that add up to?" Walley asked patiently.

The flat voice of the op moved on as if released by an automatic spring.

"Your railroad is dammed up again," he said dolefully. "The road engine is sidewise across the main iron with her tender slewed around beside her. The relief has her pilot tangled with the pilot trucks of the road engine. Between them they've rooted up a main line switchstand and three rail-lengths of main track. The ringmaster says it'll take the big hook to get those engines back on the iron so we can open up the main again."

THE DISTRICT took an exasperated breath, then inexorable time bore down. You had to keep slugging as long as you had your feet under you. Hurry in with the big hook and gather up the pieces! Start those thousands of tons of freight rolling to their destinations!

"On a day like this," Walley said bitterly, "we need a stock of big hooks." His voice sharpened. "Planet!"

There was no response. The female operator at Planet wasn't alert and he had to ring her.

"Planet!" the woman's lilt tingled the wire in reply to the bell.

"That extra east ought to be coming at you right now," the dispatcher explained. "Copy a message for him." He dictated carefully: "Cancel instructions to re-rail reefers on the Mesquite branch and proceed to Yarbo without delay. Now copy an order for him."

"Just a moment," Planet said.

"We've got to hurry," the dispatcher warned.

He drew a blank of silence; Planet was off the wire. She was slightly breathless when she returned.

"That wrecker was right here at the station before I heard it," she reported. "I had to hurry to clear it."

"Clear it?" Walley's voice was beginning to show strain. "Did you let that wrecker get by you?"

"Of course, I gave him the board just in time. If I had been a moment later, I would have stopped him."

"Did you hand him up that message I just gave you?" he asked with fading hope.

"The message you gave me was not for him," she stated firmly. "It was for extra 2742 east."

"But 2742 is the wrecker," the dispatcher moaned.

"Then you didn't keep me properly informed," she replied. "You should remember I have no means of knowing what train is approaching my station."

The district came to a startled pause. Only the protection of her isolation and the pressure of unrelenting time saved her from violence. Buck Barabe's voice blasted the wire with a distant explosion.

"Dispatcher!" he erupted. "Can't you stop that relief train before it heads down the Mesquite branch?"

"I don't see how," Walley lamented. "There isn't an open train-order station at Mesquite, and none down the branch at this time of night. Looks like the next time I hear from the big hook will be when he gets back to the main line, after picking all those reefers off the ground."

"We can't tie up things that long!" Barabe argued with the finality of a Supreme Court decision.

"It just *might* be possible," Walley offered, "that I can get the op at Planet to hand up an order to Number 4 instructing him to cut off his engine at Mesquite and run down the branch to bring the relief train back. That gal might do something right just once," he speculated.

"I don't want Number 4 touched!" Barabe stated flatly. "There are some important people aboard."

Eddie grinned. The Old Man had run clear out of luck. He had vast empty spaces to overcome at once, and an evil chance had maneuvered him into a position where he had little means to span them in the time allotted to him. Barabe had battled the desert since the days of construction, and it had given him some bad times. Yet he'd fought it to a standstill. Now it was set to give him a last good beating.

A SINGLE burst cracked the line, as the Old Man put his mind to work. You could feel him taking hold. *"Eddie Sand!"*

The boomer winced. That autocratic voice blew in out of the years and jarred him to his heels. Barabe was on the prowl. Eddie quit grinning. He took his feet slowly from the telegraph table. Reluctantly he murmured into the transmitter: "Yeah, this is Eddie."

"Call the signal maintainer," Barabe ordered. He seemed vastly relieved. "Tell him to get down to Mesquite and turn that relief train back to Yarbo. Tell him not to stop till he intercepts her." The Old Man was almost blithe about it. "He can run his buggy without restrictions. The quicker he gets the big hook turned around, the better it will be for him for a long time to come."

Evidently Barabe believed he was on top of his job again and he couldn't forego the flourish.

Eddie heaved a sigh. "Well, Mr. Barabe," he apologized, "I can't do—"

"Why not?" Barabe burnt the wire.

Eddie relaxed. This was like old times. Here was one of those occasions that all good railroad men dream of. He had the Old Man over a barrel.

"Well, sir," he explained elaborately, "the section men went to town this p.m. for their groceries, and the maintainer went with them. They won't be back till —well, you know how it is when a guy gets to town—"

"There's no section foreman there, either?" Barabe shot at him.

"No, sir, not one."

"Isn't there any way for *you* to get down there and turn that relief train around?"

"There might be," Eddie reflected politely, "but it doesn't occur to me at the moment."

"Didn't I hear that you drove your automobile through a dust storm to dig a light engine out of a blind siding in an emergency similar to this one?"

"Yes, sir," said Eddie, "and I was going to take it up with you. That storm ruined the paint job on my car—" Eddie stopped, figuring he'd better not pour it on too heavy. "Anyhow," he added, "there's no road whatever between here and Mesquite, not even a cow path."

The wire sizzled like a fuse.

"Is the maintainer's gas car there?" Barabe was pensive now.

Eddie got a slow sinking feeling. The old maurauder could trap him in more ways.

"Yeah," he said warily, "it is."

"Didn't I see you playing with it when I passed through Gravity this afternoon?"

"*Playing* is not the word," Eddie protested. "I was just—"

"You were operating it," Barabe stated. "Now, suppose you get it out of the toolhouse and run down to Mesquite as fast as you can and head off the big hook."

A chill jet fluttered at the back of Eddie's neck and ruffled his hair. Barabe sure demanded the unreasonable and impossible. Besides, he expected you to achieve them—insisted upon it.

EDDIE had nearly pulled himself in two in a number of places during the operation the Old Man so lightheartedly referred to. There were scratches and aches and sore spots all over him. He flinched angrily at the recollection of that afternoon's battle. He never wanted to see that damned gas buggy again.

"That machine is too heavy to lift on and off the rails," he bristled, "except for a Hercules like Leo."

"All the same, you got it off the rails in time to avoid collision with 54."

"And besides," Eddie spoke desperately, "I don't know about running the thing. It stalled on me this afternoon right in the face of the passenger train, and if Hi Wheeler hadn't flagged her down, she'd have made a mess of that vehicle."

A voice full of dark resentment interrupted. "Tell him to go fly a kite, Eddie. It ain't in the contract that you should run a gas car."

A wrench of his mind got the significance of the remark. Eddie came up for air and was suddenly conscious of all those other operators listening in on this cross-fire debate. It was as good as a circus to them after the dull months of privations. The Old Man was up a tree. His authority and his resources had bogged down. The ops had been drinking it in till they were ready to burst at the seams. Then one of them cut in on the brawl.

That one was old "Eight-day" Orton, second trick at Cactus. He couldn't have disguised his rusty-file voice if he'd wanted to. The nickname sure fit the

old drifter. He'd got it in the boomer days when he was seldom longer than eight days on any job. No situation ever quite suited him; he was always protesting and standing upon his rights. Eight-day would give anybody an argument.

The situation shifted. You could hear the almost inaudible sliding sound as mutinous operators across the district stepped on the peddle and opened the circuit. "A man can take just so much." Eight-day's voice made a ghostly echo across the district. "That sun fries all the juices out of you, and they don't even give you relief to go to town to get your battery recharged."

His rejoinder set off a babble of ops trying to toss in their criticisms and objections all at once.

RARELY had there been such insurrection since they began to use the talking wire to dispatch trains. But seldom had there been times like these. Many ops were oldtimers—adventurous veterans who had never been particularly docile about being kicked around. Their pent-up wrath was poured into the transmitters, jamming the wire.

Eddie listened expectantly for a blast from Barabe that would blow a fuse. But the only sound he made was an occasional grunt to show he was still listening. He didn't even seem to resent this anarchy. Eddie got the uneasy feeling that the Old Man was somehow encouraging the riot. Certainly the tone of his grunts wasn't irate. Maybe he was allowing them to blow off steam to reduce the pressure.

The tumult ebbed as the sweetly acid tones of the lady op at Planet occupied the wire.

"It seems to me that the operators have enough to do, attending to their train-order duties, especially when the DS's do not keep one properly informed. Asking one to run here and there on those little motor cars; when, as that gentleman just pointed out, it isn't in our contract."

Eddie frowned. That gal would ruin any project. You couldn't run a railroad or even maneuver a minor revolt with her present. Barabe moved in then, clearing his throat with a rasp.

"The people who object to discipline are those who cannot, or will not, do the job."

He said it paternally, solemn as a judge, as he reached for control of the situation. Anyone who'd surmised the boss was outdated should guess again.

Barabe went on, a little wistful: "Eddie, we've done a lot of railroading together. I distinctly remember the time I fired you point blank. It was a pleasure. You needed it. There was also the time I gave you a—whatever it was, for meritorious service—"

"It was a watch," Eddie reminded him. "Highly engraved."

"So it was," Barabe mused. "A gold watch with a record of your accomplishment. But had a situation like we face now occurred then," he said with returning briskness, "You'd have had the maintainer's car out and been halfway to Mesquite before I'd even suggested it to you."

THAT HIT where it hurt. The old scorpion was cunning. He could make you mad, challenging your pride in your craft and your loyalty. No one could take that standing still.

Hi Wheeler's voice drifted airily in from the booth at Raven. "Ten bucks will get you twenty-five that if you crowd Eddie just so much, he'll explode in your face!"

Eddie had the Old Man on the hip. The boomer was a keen guy, one of the real dirt railroaders. He'd already made Barabe sing soft. If Eddie gave the nod, they'd all shut their little old train-order stations and get out of here.

The hell of it was, they'd picked the wrong time and place; there was still too much work that had to be done. You couldn't quit now. At least Eddie couldn't. Loyalty was a quality you developed with years of service. His escapades had been just brash enthusiasm. He'd never done anything underhanded, which was one of the reasons why he could always go back.

No use kidding yourself, thought Eddie. Whatever you did went into the record, and would catch up with you some time. Those oldtimers harnessed to the dispatcher's wire, waiting eagerly for him to touch off a mutiny, were going to think him mighty small.

Ho-kay and all right! He'd have to meet the passenger train that was now coming out of Raven.

"Walley," he said quietly, "at what time will Number 4 pass Mesquite?"

A kind of impotent wolf howl echoed across the wire. Eddie listened to Walley's quick estimates, then turned and pulled in his boards.

EDDIE switched on his electric lantern as he crossed the tracks to the toolhouses. He found an old bolt and pried the lock from the double doors. The little car rolled amiably out onto the platform in obedience to his slight shove, but it seemed even heavier than when he had tussled with it that afternoon.

The operator ran the handles out and lifted. The takeoff made it by an inch or so, or he'd never have gotten her onto the rails of the passing track. Turning on the ignition cautiously, he let in the clutch. Then he braced himself and shoved her with all his might to start the motor.

The gas car was in a sulky mood. She gasped and strangled, moving only in fits and starts as her motor resisted. At length she leaped ahead like a scared rabbit. He barely had breath remaining to grab hold and pull himself aboard. It took all his strength to strangle her into a stand at the switch.

Once he had her running freely, the boomer tried to reckon what time he had available. Walley had said the big hook would arrive at Mesquite at 10:42 and be in the clear and headed down the branch by 10:56. Number 4, he'd calculated grimly, would pass Mesquite at 11:18—at high speed.

As Mercury, Toby, and Dry Well scooted by, Eddie began to consider the stretch of graded-up track. He'd never be able to drag the machine back up the fill alone and onto the main again. From then on he'd be a total loss as far as this emergency was concerned. It would be hours before they got the big hook to Yarbo to pick those two locomotives off the ground. Meanwhile, the railroad would continue to stand still.

There was no other out. He'd have to make Mesquite ahead of Number 4. The headlight was brightening; the meet would be tighter than he figured. The op took a reckoning from his watch. If Walley hadn't shortchanged him a single minute in his estimate, he stood to head in first.

The car whooped around the point of the ridge. Eddie was blinded by the awful glare of the passenger's headlight thrown straight at him. An instant later the block signal at the passing-track switch stained the floodlight red.

The headlight swerved to the right. The passenger train was coming in at a speed that outran her own racket, scooting like a comet. Eddie moved a lever blindly; this time the motor took hold again.

Rails glinted in the light. Eddie realized at once that if he opened the switch he'd throw a red block in the face of the varnish. He'd have to lift the car over to the siding. Strangely enough, she gave easily to his frantic heave now; not a muscle twinged as he swung her front wheels over the points. The varnish slammed by and faded into the immense quiet.

LETTING the gas car out onto the branch line, he tried to humor her into high speed. Instead, she developed a trick of running bravely and then pausing to sneeze. If he couldn't coax her to travel faster, the big hook would be down in the valley picking up the reefers by the time she overtook it.

The ruddy markers were lost in the mesquite around a curve. When they appeared again, they loomed up overhead on the blunt stern of the engine's tender. The relief train had slowed through the curve to prevent the top-heavy crane from swaying too much, and the gas car made a good gain. Swinging his lantern in a broad washout, Eddie shouted up at the crew. No response came from the snorting engine. Obviously, nobody was looking back.

The engine's exhaust quickened as the line straightened out ahead. The relief train drew away, while the gas car had another spasm. The maintainer's kit became open and loose tools were scattered on the floor. An idea struck the op. He stopped waving the lantern to rummage in the bag, and then began to fling the tools at the retreating locomotive as fast as he could grab them.

The clatter of objects striking the tender reached back to Eddie—rolls of friction tape, a wire brush, even a bottle that crashed somewhere ahead and sent off a whiff of ether. But the gap between them widened as the engine slowly picked up speed.

A figure carrying a bobbing electric lantern appeared on the rear of the tender. It made some quick, heaving gestures and then objects began to arrive through the dark, whizzing by and striking the car. Some of his tools were being returned with compliments of the crew.

Eddie waved his lantern and shouted until the fusilade ceased, and the fireman waved his own lamp in turn. The wrecker slowed just as the disobliging gas car got her working parts in agreement and began to run. While she nuzzled up under the drawhead of the tender, Eddie grabbed all the levers at once and choked her off for the relief train had lumbered to a stop.

From high on the tank, the fireman peered down at him. "You want something, mister?"

"Yeah. They've got a more pressing job for you. There's a couple of calliopes on the ground at Yarbo they want you to pick up. I've got your running orders."

THE RELIEF train backed up and headed down the high iron. Eddie followed, the gas car purring contentedly. As he chugged up the main to the station, he saw a freight train and two light engines coupled holed up on the pass at Gravity, and the office was full of train and engine crews.

The screen door slammed, and Hi himself stood in the pale light shining through the windows. It was like a ghost walking right out of yesterday. Fifth 615's crews had been patched and were riding the light engines back to division point.

Hi's face cracked wide open in a grin. "Doggone, Eddie! You sure persuaded that little ole gasbuggy into a good job of running". They was offering bets all across the district—with odds as high as five to one—that you'd never catch the big hook before she got down to the derailed reefers."

The brakeman looked toward the men inside with a triumphant smirk.

"You know what, Eddie?" he gloated. "I took every bet they offered. I'll cash in enough to buy me a new blue suit on you."

As Eddie stood by, Hi ran out the long handles and lifted the car to the platform. Then he ushered his friend into his own office with a flourish.

"This is the guy that you fellows lost your dough on," he said. "And now, gentlemen," he added complacently, as he held out his battered hat, "you can pay up them bets."

EDDIE dropped into his chair and pulled on the headphone, "Extra 2742 east by Gravity at 11:49 p.m.," he droned into the transmitter.

Walley, 200 miles away in the dispatcher's office, gave a startled grunt.

"Hey! You made it!" And then he asked anxiously: "You all right, kid?"

"Yeah," said Eddie. "I'm fine."

The brass pounder nodded sleepily. His camp cot would feel cozy tonight. Those blamed ops had had their flareup; they'd let off steam; and most of them had lost money in a gambling game. Life was normal again.

Eddie went out into the starlight and crossed to his boxcar quarters. The water in the shower was still scalding from the heating the sun had given the galvanized-iron storage tank, and he had to recover water that had dripped from the icebox into a pail and slosh it over his parched skin to revive himself. He dried on the stoop and absorbed the velvet night.

The shrill voice of the first-trick operator quavered across the breathless silence. "Eddie-e-e!"

Eddie stuck his head out of the doorway of the boxcar.

"Mr. Barabe's on Number 3 and he's going to stop her here for a minute. He wants to see you. Three's on time."

The informant was dubious of the report he'd thus relayed—a brass collar stopping a passenger in this abysmal lonesomeness to confer with a lightning slinger.

Eddie grinned. You never knew whether Barabe would bestow a gold watch or a good high bounce, but he never left you long in doubt. The boomer op strode across toward the office just as Number 3 smoked to a stop alongside the little station.

Barabe got down from his business car and gave the younger man a bear-trap handshake.

"Eddie," he said, "you were slow getting started last night, almost reluctant. You must be out of training, though you did right well once you got going."

The Old Man sniffed the hot air and squinted at the torrid desolation. Then he turned back to the operator beside him.

"I suppose you've served your time out here," he admitted. "There's a job for you at headquarters whenever you want it. How about it?"

Eddie firmly rejected his offer. "Not a job up there where you've got your office. I'd better stay here where it's quiet—at least some of the time."

All of a sudden, the General Manager became aware of the train he was delaying. "Good-bye Eddie!"

Kicking up a thick dust as he walked by Gravity's wanton shacks, Eddie Sand thoughtfully strolled back to his boxcar quarters. ●

ASK BARBARA: Railroad questions are answered here—as many as space permits. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. No questions will be answered by mail or telephone.

1 ***What is a diesel-hydraulic locomotive?***

A diesel loco with a hydraulic transmission system instead of an electric one. Direct hydraulic drive saves space that can be used for added engine size and power increase; however, it requires complex gear reduction arrangements. Some diesel-hydraulics saw experimental service in the early 1960's.

2 ***When did the Southern Pacific abandon its electric operations in the area of Portland, Ore. and did the service revert to steam?***

SP interurban service on the West Side, Newberg, and Tigard branches was discontinued Oct. 6, 1929. On the first line, trackage between Corvallis and Beaverton reverted to steam, while sectors between Beaverton and Bertha and Portland, Forest Grove and Loop, Hillsboro and Loop, were torn up. Newberg branch trackage between St. Joseph and Cook and between Cook and Portland was retained under steam operation. The Newberg loop and second track at Portland were abandoned. All of the Tigard branch reverted to steam.

3 ***What is Centralized Traffic Control?***

CTC is a system whereby train movements are directed through remote control of switches and signals by electricity from a central point where the operator sees the track in miniature before him on a CTC control panel. Lights on the panel show the location and progress of all trains governed by the system at all times. By pushing buttons and turning levers, the operator directs trains over distances ranging from a few miles to many hundreds of miles. CTC makes possible closer meets between opposing trains and faster run-arounds of slow trains by speedier ones. Controls are so devised and interlocked that it is impossible to set up conflicting train movements.

4 ***What are the qualifications for receiving railroad unemployment insurance benefits?***

You are qualified in the current benefit year, which began July 1, 1972, if you had creditable railroad compensation of at least $1,000 in the calendar year 1971, not counting more than $400 for any one month. If 1971 was your first year in railroad work, then you also must have performed service in at least seven months of '71.

5 ***Did a narrow-gage pike ever run between Bellaire and Woodsville, Ohio?***

Yes, indeed; the old Ohio River & Western, chartered in 1903 as the receiver of the Bellaire, Zanesville & Cincinnati. It ran from Bellaire to Mill Run and Zanesville, 112 miles. In 1909 it laid a third rail for standard-gage operation from Bellaire to Vallonia, 9 miles, and from Zanesville to Lawton, 9 miles, and in 1911 had 12 locos and 230 cars. It is abandoned.

6 ***What Western road was the A&U?***

This was the Arizona & Utah, projected from McConnio to White Hills, Ariz., 150 miles, but opened only from McConnio to Chloride, Ariz., 25 miles, in 1899. It never extended very far beyond Chloride. About 1900 the road had one loco and 8 cars. Taken over by the Santa Fe in 1906, it is now abandoned.

7 ***Any information on the Young rotative valve?***

Yes. This was a system of rocking valves, two to a cylinder, actuated by the Stephenson valve motion and first applied to a Chicago & North Western engine in 1901. Two years later the Young valve was put on C&NW Atlantic No. 1026, which ran in regular service for many years, setting up several remarkable records, including an unofficial one of 127 mph on the *Overland Mail*. Eventually she was rebuilt with superheater and standard piston valves. Other roads are said to have tried the Young valves, with varying success.

8 ***Words, please, to "The Old Pay-Car" by Earle Franklin Baker.***

The iron pike's changed a mighty lot
Since good old days gone by,
Most 'specially the section gang—
Regrets I'll not deny.
We fellas used to count th' days,
Like circus, when we knowed
Month's end would bring th' old pay-car
A-gleamin' down the road.

We'd drop our shovels and spike-mauls
And throw our chew away;
We'd laugh an' joke a little bit—
"The pay-car's here today!"

In spite of all the gadgets new,
For repair of train and track,
I wish they'd kept the old pay-car
A-rollin' down the track.

9 ***Who built the first diesel-electric switcher in the U.S.?***

American Locomotive Co., in conjunction with General Electric and Ingersoll-Rand, in 1925. She was sold to the Jersey Central.

10 ***Was there an Intermountain Ry.?***

There was indeed. Incorporated in 1907, it ran 26 miles between Steirman and Barber Jct., Idaho, had 2 locos, 65 cars; was abandoned in 1935.

11 ***What were the specifics of the old New Haven Pacific's 1350-1399?***

These 4-6-2's had 25x28" cylinders, 200 lbs. pressure, and 78" drivers. They exerted 37,650 lbs. tractive force and weighed about 250,000 lbs. without tenders.

12 ***History wanted on Canadian National's 83-year old St. Clair Tunnel.***

Preliminary work on this engineering project under the St. Clair River between Port Huron, Mich., and Sarnia, Ont., was begun on New Year's Day, 1889. Plans called for a bore 11,725 feet long, of which 6,000 feet was to lie directly under water. Excavating shields designed by New York engineer Alfred E. Beach were projected from both approaches through quicksand and blue clay. The tunnel under construction never varied more than a quarter-inch from a daily surveyed line. After excavating more than 2,000,000 cubic feet of soil, workmen brought the bores to a meet on Aug. 30, 1890. The following year, September 19th saw the opening of railway service, operated by specially designed Grand Trunk steam locos, considered at the time the world's most powerful.

13 ***When and by whom was the Atlantic Coast Line's road built between Wilmington and Newbern, N.C.?***

This 93-mile stretch was originally chartered as the Richmond-Petersburg Railroad Co. by act of the Virginia State legislature dated March 4, 1836. Under an amendment approved Jan. 12, 1900, the company's name was changed to the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Co. of Virginia. Three months later the Wilmington & Weldon, along with the Norfolk & Carolina, the South Eastern, and the Atlantic Coast Line of South Carolina were merged into what became the ACL, now Seaboard Coast Line.

14 ***How are railroad retirement taxes being figured?***

The 1973 tax rate for employes and employers alike is 10.6 percent of monthly earnings up to $900 a month. The maximum monthly amount of tax for employers this year is $95.40.

15 ***Where did the steam locomotive injector originate?***

Invented about 1852 by a Frenchman named Henri Gifford, it was introduced in England a few years later by Sharp, Stewart & Co., and in America about 1860 by William Sellers & Co. After that it soon displaced the feedwater pump as a means of putting water in loco boilers.

Running Extra

Info. wanted on Denver & Rio Grande Western's *Flying Ute*. I remember seeing a picture of a steam loco on this train in *Life* in the early 1930's. The train had hit a school bus. Was it a freight or passenger train?—Malcolm Patterson, Tusket, Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia, Canada.

I claim that a car with a perfect set of wheels moving on a perfectly straight and level track will not touch the rail with the flange of the wheel. Do I win?—W. Hope Tilley, Greenwood Towers, 1800 Lavana, Austin, Texas.

Anyone know the cost of the following units with dynamic breaking: EMD GP-40, SD-40, SD-45; GE U23B, U33B, U23c, U36c.—Ronald Salisbury 7439 N. Judson St., San Diego, Calif.

Where were the majority of Southern Pacific's 4-8-8-2's, 4-10-2's, and 2-10-2's scrapped? Are any pix available of these locos waiting in the boneyard?—Charles Stephens, 1065 5th Place, Port Hueneme, Calif. 93401.

Info. wanted on railroads in Sardinia, Sicily, and Madagascar.—John Gray, 77 High St., Newton, N.J. 07860.

Info. wanted on railroads in Sardinia, Sicily, and Madagascar.—John Gray, 77 High St., Newton, N.J. 07860.

Will some dispatcher spell out for me what the term "19 order" means?—Tim Wilson, 719 Porter St., Easton, Pa. 18042. (Ed. note: We have often covered this subject. See Jan. *Information Booth*, page 6 of April issue, and page 36 of May issue.)

Where can I get books on Reading Co. history and steam power?—Richard Grandzol, 7797 Hasbrook Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19111.

Al Herskovits's account of Beyer-Garratt locos in your April department missed the important 2-8-8+0-8-8-2 types used on the mainline of the Western Australia Railway. All have been scrapped, but at one time were the world's most powerful engines. Also in April issue, Haywire Mac's great story, "Twilight of the Boomers," had an illustration showing a Climax but the caption mentioned only Shays. No doubt Mac worked on both.—Walt Thayer, retired gandy dancer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Wash. 98801.

Regarding a question about Spokane, Portland & Seattle dome cars and Mr. Rubin's answer in your April '73 issue, *The Official Register of Passenger Train Equipment*, for March '71 said SP&S owned not two, but three, dome cars. Besides the two dome coaches, they had a dome sleeper built by Budd in '54 for the *North Coast Limited*. Numbered 306, it contains 4 roomettes, 4 single bedrooms, and 4 double bedrooms. Seating capacity of the dome section is 24. Several members of Pacific Railroad Society, including myself, rode this car (Amtrak 9211) on the *Panama Limited* between New Orleans, La., and Jackson, Miss., on our recent "Holiday in Dixie" excursion. The old SP&S 1332 is now 9472, and the former 559 is now 9486.—Wm. A. Farmer, 4215 Vineland Ave., Apt. 19, North Hollywood, Calif. 91602.

Anyone have info. on Speno rail-grinding service?—Randy Williamson, 362 N. Maple Rd., Conneaut, Ohio 44030.

What was the percent of grade on the old Canadian Pacific line over Coquihalla Pass between Brodie and Hope, B.C.? This track was abandoned over ten years ago.—J.D. Fue, Box 414, Skagway, Alaska 99840.

I want details and history of Southern's *Royal Palm*.—Don McCallum, 2703 Wright Ave., Orlando, Fla. 32803.

In recent years, certain Eastern roads have discontinued the use of marker lights on freight and passenger trains. Isn't this a safety hazard at night? Doesn't it violate the standard AAR code that states a cut of cars does not become a train until markers are attached and the markers must be displayed at all times?—Jim Davies, 44 Chestnut Ave., Pompton Lakes, N.J. 07442.

Anyone have a history of steam locos used on the Illinois Central branch line that ran through Rantoul and LeRoy, Ill., and east to West Lebanon, Ind.?—Frank G. Fink, Box 641, 481 W. Humphrey, Lake Crystal, Minn. 56055.

I want old stock lists of U.S. and British steam and diesel locos with detailed maps. Was there ever a directory published listing all steam and diesel engines built before and after World War 2?—Dennis Toomey, 17 Northgate Path, Borehamwood, WD6 4EX, Herts, England.

Would like to locate readers who have pix of the Inland Empire Electric System (Spokane & Inland; Spokane & Inland Empire; Spokane & Eastern; Spokane, Coeur d'Alene & Palouse; Coeur d'Alene & Spokane, or Inland Empire Railroad). Also Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern, or other old time shortlines around Spokane. Am working on the histories of these lines.—Michael Denuty, Box 70, Pomeroy, Wash. 99347.

How often was the famous New York Central oval-shaped emblem changed? E. W. Ross, 4809 Tonnelle Ave., North Bergen, N.J. 07047.

When I was a boy of eight in 1913, my parents moved from Newark, N.J., to Sante Fe, N.M. We traveled west via Pullman on the Lackawanna to Chicago, where we changed trains. We stopped at Denver and then Lamy, N.M., where we changed to a narrow gage line for Santa Fe. Time plays tricks with my memory. Am desirous of knowing which railroads I probably rode west of Chicago.—Howard McPeek, 311 Vermont Dr., Brick Tower, N.J. 08723.

On the west side of State Rte. 800 just north of the corporate limits of Woodsfield, Ohio, there were, until recently, abandoned hulks of two steam locos, one numbered 3003. I am seeking info. about them. Maybe they came from an adjacent and abandoned mine or the now almost forgotten Bellaire, Zanesville & Columbus.—Don Blakeslee, 699 Vernon Rd., Columbus, Ohio 43209.

Delaware & Hudson Lights Its 150-Candle Birthday Cake

The Delaware & Hudson Railway Co., the oldest transportation firm in continuous operation in the U.S., observed its sesquicentennial on April 23, 1973. The 150th celebration was to be featured by a special steam-powered passenger excursion and a three-week tour by a special-exhibit train on the road's 720-mile system. Although relatively short in length, the D&H is rich in history which has played a role far out of proportion to its physical size. Its beginnings can be traced back to the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co., chartered by the New York State Legislature to construct a 108-mile canal between Honesdale, Pa., and Rondout, N. Y. on April 23, 1823. In 1901, the D&H figured in a footnote to American history when Theodore Roosevelt, learning President William McKinley lay dying in Buffalo from an assassin's bullet, sped out of North Creek, N.Y., from an Adirondack vacation, found out enroute that McKinley was dead and he was the 26th President of U.S. Good highways and private cars trimmed the line's fleet of luxury passenger trains such as its once crack New York-Montreal *Laurentian*, shown passing through Albany, N.Y., in 1970. Happy birthday to you, oldtimer!

G. Daniels, 4402 Bingham, Dearborn, Mich. 48126

HOBBY CLUB

conducted by Sy Reich

ONLY ONE railfan group, to our knowledge, is planning to celebrate the U.S. Bi-Centennial in 1976. We mean the Lake Shore Ry. Historical Society, North East, Pa. Its board of directors and members have approved a resolution calling for, among other things, the completion of their public railway museum, construction of a three-track display yard, fencing of the area, erection and display of equipment, landscaping, and ceremonies on completion of the museum. They are eager to cooperate with groups during the Bi-Centennial in providing rail oriented activities. The Society has headquarters in the former Lake Shore & Michigan Southern passenger station. It is to be commended. Three years is not too early to plan for our Nation's 200th birthday.

North Alabama Railroad club is publishing a 1974 wall and appointment calendar featuring Southern Ry. steam. Pictured will be Nos. 77, 750, 4501, and other locos. The calendar is being put together by Larry Black and will be available July 1. Proceeds from it will be used in the restoration of No. 77. Contact NARC Calendar, P.O. Box 4163, Huntsville, Ala. 35802.

"The new Chicago Union Station will have a jail, chapel, and morgue," reports Joe McMahon in his popular "Fifty Years Ago" column for March, 1923, in recent newsletter of N.Y. Chap., R&LHS. "The jail will have two cells for holding prisoners between train connections, and the chapel will be equipped for funeral services," writes Joe. Anyone know of other railroad stations built with these facilities? (Philadelphia's 30th Street Station and Boston's South Station each originally had a chapel.)

Action pix of late Spokane, Portland & Seattle steam and early diesels are needed to complete format of SP&S book sponsored by Northwest Chap. of NRHS. Contact Chuck Storz, chapter secretary, Room 1, Union Station, 800 N.W. 6th Ave., Portland, Ore. 97209.

Much interest is being shown by active and retired St. Louis-San Francisco Ry. employes to set up a Frisco Library and Artifacts Center. The purpose is to accumulate in one place historical documents, pictures, and artifacts relating to the Frisco Road since its inception as part of the old Atlantic & Pacific. Numerous items already have been collected. R. C. Grayson, president, says all donors will be properly credited and displayed. Contact M. M. Pomphrey, Director of Public Relations, St.L-SF Ry., Frisco Bldg., 906 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. 63101.

A warm, colorful scene with mountains, trees, and rushing water is the sort of thing that Jim Black, relieving diesel foreman at CP Rail's Alythe Diesel Shop at Calgary, Alta., likes to see. Jim spends hours admiring and painting such scenery near Banff and other Alberta areas. He never took a lesson during his 12 years of painting, but his sketches so impressed the Calgary Sketch Club that they invited him to join and exhibit his work.

The 1973 *Steam Passenger Service Directory,* including electric lines and museums, should be ready for railfans by mid or late May, according to Steve Bogen, Quadrant Press, Room 707, 19 W. 44th St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

Western Maryland Railway Historical Society recently acquired the photo collection of the late Francis E. Riffle, including some 8,000 WM pix. Included was a group of railroad evaluation photos of bridges and structures on the WM, taken in 1917 and '18. The pix have been indexed by milepost and loco number and stored in filing cabinets at the museum.

Congratulations to the editors who put together Vol. 1, No. 1 of *Dots and Dashes* for Morse Telegraph Club. Morse Telegraph Club, Inc., has headquarters at 712 South 49th, Lincoln, Neb. 68510.

"This is Casey Jones Country," reads a sign above the post office at Vaughn, Miss. Below is the word "Museum." The latter is run by the postmaster (no admission charge). Its best exhibit is a detailed diagram of the famous wreck on Monday, April 30, 1900. Mississippi is planning for a new Casey Jones Museum at Vaughn when Rte. 1-55 is built through the town. Its prize exhibit will be the bell from Casey's locomotive, reports R. Lyle Key, Jr., NRHS Heart of Dixie R.R. Club.

Scenic Railways, operators of the Cumbres & Toltec line in Colorado, are considering six days of operation this summer, with three trips from each end of the road. They expect to use engines 487 and 488. If 483 and 484 pass inspection again, that would give them four serviceable locos. The 463 mudhen also will be given a thorough inspection to see if work is justified to make her operable.

William E. Ingram of Roanoke, Va., analyst in the Norfolk & Western Research Dept., has succeeded William E. Carson of Bedford County as president of Roanoke Chap. of NRHS. Other new officers are Fred S. Wilson, vice president, Michael Rutherford, secretary, and David G. Helmer, treasurer.

A new firm, the Montana Central Railroad & Recreation Co. Inc., headed by King Willson, wants to buy the old Northern Pacific Park branch, which runs between Livingston and Gardner, Mont., at the edge of Yellowstone Park. The BN will abandon part of the branch, Brisbin-Gardner. Willson said their price on this section is "pretty high," but he thinks something could be worked out. He hopes to run a daily steam train on the scenic line during the park season. The line was once heavily used. People coming to Livingston on the *North Coast Limited* would ride a connecting train up the branch to Yellowstone.

This summer is the second full season for the Boyne City (Mich.) Railroad's excursion runs with their British 0-6-0 *Flying Duchess* side-tank loco pulling English compartmented cars. Last year's 2½-month operation boasted 24,500 passengers. The road is using more cars and expanding its gift shop and lunch facilities along with a completed Railroad Museum. It will operate seven days a week during July and August with 4 steam and 4 diesel trains a day.

Former Denver, South Park & Pacific Consolidation 51 arrived recently at the Colorado Railroad Museum from Rhinelander, Wis., where she had been on display in a logging museum since 1932. The loco, now the oldest in the museum's collection, was built by Baldwin in 1880 for the DSP&P. Renumbered 191 in 1885, she worked on the Denver, Leadville & Gunnison. Then she ran briefly on the Colorado & Southern as No. 31, but was found too light for their needs and was sold in 1902 to a Wisconsin lumber road, which renumbered her 7. Eventually she found her way to the

logging museum. The museum recently acquired a loco from Mexico which had originally run in Wisconsin, allowing their ex-South Park engine to be returned to the Museum.

Roger Reinke, author of an article on "Railroad Seals" in our April issue, is looking for history, anecdotes, and other material on that subject. Contact him at 201 S. Prince Lane, Springfield, Mo. 65802.

A medallion commemorating 125 years of railroading out of Chicago will be issued by the Midwest Ry. Historical Society and struck by the Lincoln Mint. It is about 1½" in diameter. The serial-numbered edition is available in silver (.999 fine) and antique bronze. The well-known *Pioneer,* Chicago's first loco will feature the design, together with the old C&NW station and a glimpse of Chicago's present skyline. On the reverse will be a reference to the *Pioneer's* first run. The medals ($10 and $2) and additional info. are available from the Society at 2214 N. Monticello Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60647.

Plans, rosters, photos, and specifications helping to preserve Milwaukee Road car data are wanted by Butch Hunter, 1240 S. 31st St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The 726th Railway Operating Bn. of World War II Veterans will celebrate its silver anniversary at a convention in Decatur, Ill., Aug. 10-11. Norfolk & Western brakemen Otto Morganthaler of Decatur has charge of convention plans. The battalion was organized by former Wabash Railroad employes and saw service in India. Veterans of the 726th may contact Otto at 2487 Easy St., Decatur, Ill. 63526. ●

Track Abandonments

Reader—entire line, 23.5 miles, Reader to Waterloo, Iowa.

Chicago & North Western—7.7 miles, Emerson to Thurston, Neb.; 49.2 miles, Wakefield to Grofton, Neb.

Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington (Penn Central—17.3 miles, North Manchester to Columbus City, Ind; 2.42 miles, Boyer Run branch, Helca, Pa.; 10.5 miles, Culver to Plymouth, Ind. Penn Central—12.1 miles, Post Road to Rensselaer, N.Y.; 4.18 miles, East Alton to Alton, Ill.; 6.3 miles, portion Vulcan-Old Road branch, Adrian to Clayton, Mich.; 16.1 miles Ft. Wayne to Auburn Jct. Ind.

Union Pacific—1.525 miles, Almy branch, Almy Jct., Wyo.; 5.29 miles, Pleasant Valley branch, Cloverly to Galeton, Colo.

Petaluma & Santa Rosa—7.551 miles, Denman to Turner, Calif.

Northwestern Pacific—1.348 miles, Detour to Meadowsweet, Calif.

Total miles of abandonment by ICC for March, 1973—170.064

Proposed Abandonments

Louisville & Nashville—Christiansburg to Eminence, Ky.; Opp to Florala, Ala.

Norfolk & Western—Warterville to Delphos, Ohio; Abington, Va., to West Jefferson, N.C.

Milwaukee—Heath to Grass Range, Mont.; Isinours Jct., to Caledonia, Minn.; trackage rights with Burlington Northern, Hinckley to Carlton, Minn.; Carlton to West Duluth, Minn; Boyleston, Wis., to Cloquet, Minn.

Chicago & North Western—Irvington to Bennington, Neb.; Fairchild to Mondovi, Wis.; Tekamah to Lyons, Neb.; Stanwood to Tipton, Iowa.

Boston & Marine—Worcester branch, Worcester to Gardner, Mass.

Chicago, Kalamazoo & Saginaw Ry. (Penn Central)—Parchmont to Richland Jct., Mich.

Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis (Penn Central)—Hillsboro to Litchfield, Ill.

Penn Central—Central Vermont R.R. connection, Norwich, Conn.; New Milford to Canaan, Conn.; Brocton to Mayville, N.Y.; portion Northern branch, Ackerson Lake, Mich., to Bryan, Ohio; portion Springfield branch, Shirley to Wilkinson, Ind.; Alexandria to Williamsburgh, Pa.; portion Norwalk branch, Bellevue to Clyde, Ohio; Girard Jct., to Jamestown, Pa.; Westdale to East Bridgewater, Mass.; Duff Jct., to Washington, Ind.; Harlem branch, Millerton to Ghent, N.Y.; portion Allegheny branch, Pittsburgh, Pa.; portion Ontario Secondary Track, Hamlin to River View, N.Y.; Ida branch, Lenawee Jct., to Ida, Mich.

Missouri Pacific—Eudora, Ark., to Delhi, La.; West Carroll to Richland Parishes, La.

Denver & Rio Grande Western—Montrose to Ridgeway, Colo.

Burlington Northern—Wrenshall to Superior, Wis.

Santa Fe—Franklin and Coffey counties, Kan. ●

Coming Events

May 15, 16: 16th annual Transportation Seminar on campus; panelists, speakers. Write Paul A. Dowd, Pub. Relations Dir., St. Anslem's College, Manchester, N.H. 03102.

May 26, 27: Hoboken, N.J., to Binghamton, N.Y., steam spectacular via Erie Lackawanna, 410 miles round trip behind Reading 2102, movie run-bys, photo stops, $39.95 adults, kids $22. Golden Spike Reunion banquet, Binghamton, Sat. eve, May 26, $7.50. Contact High Iron Co., P.O. Box 200, Lebanon, N.J. 08833; or call 201 236-2200.

May 26, 27: International N. Amer. Trackless Trolley Assn. convention, Toronto. Write 1973 Convention Committee, 447 Roehampton Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada, M4P 1S3.

May 27: Steam trip behind UP 8444, Denver to Laramie, lv. Denver 7 a.m., return 7:30 p.m.; baggage car, coaches, lounge car, photo run-bys. Adults, $25; kids $20. Contact Rocky Mt. Railroad Club P.O. Box 2391, Denver, Colo. 80201.

June 3: bus tour of abandoned NYO&W Southern Div., all depots, bridges, yards, tunnels, etc., Cornwall to Liberty, N.Y. Contact O&W Chap. of NRHS, P.O. Box 713, Middletown, N.Y. 10940.

June 7, 16, 30: visit Ontario Science Centre from Windsor, Ont., by CNR train and bus, luncheon, tour. Adults, $24 or $26, kids special rate. Emarcy Tours, P.O. Box 1287, Detroit, Mich. 48231.

June 8-10: First annual Midwest regional railfan congress, Pick-Congress Hotel, Chicago. Excursions, banquet, other activities. Write Mid-Rail '73, Blackhawk Chap. of NDRHS, P.O. Box 455, Aurora, Ill. 60507.

June 9: steam trip on Toledo, Lake Erie & Western sightseeing, luncheon, $10. Contact Frederick Dewey, trip chairman, Michigan Railroad Club, 1866 Penobscot Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226.

June 10: 5-hour streetcar excursion on Toronto lines, start 12 noon at St. Clair carbarn. Advance fare, $5.75; fare on day of trip, $6.75. Write Ken Springirth, Northwestern Electric Traction Assn. 4720 Cliff Dr., Erie, Pa. 16511.

June 16, July 14, Aug. 11, Sept. 8, steam on McCloud River R.R., McCloud to Burney; June 30, July 28, Aug. 25, Oct. 8, McCloud to Mt. Shasta City. Contact NorCal, Box 668, San Mateo, Calif. 94401.

June 16: Railfans' Day for narrow-gage steam, Edaville R.R., South Carver, Mass., one-day trip ticket plus railfan club card good for all-day riding. Write Skipper Clark, 21 Endicott St., Newton Highlands, Mass. 02161.

June 16-July 5: July 15-Aug. 1: Scandinavia by Rail. Write V. Allen Vaughn, secretary, Overland Chap. of NRHS, 320 Wisconsin Ave., Oak Park, Ill. 60302.

June 17-23; Halifax and Maritime Provinces, lv. Windsor, Ont., 6:10 a.m., return 4:15 p.m. Three nights on train, two days in Nova Scotia, space limited, $300 per person, double occupancy. Write Eugene Sussex, Michigan Railroad Club, 19934 Pierson Ave., Detroit, Mich. 48219.

July 7-8; July 14, July 25, Aug. 4: many rail trips in Colo. and Wyo., some behind steam. Contact Kenton Forrest, P.O. 5181, Terminal Annex, Denver, Colo.

July 14-15: Role of railroads in U.S. history, artifacts on view, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Colonial Valley, Menges Mills, Pa.

July 14-15: Washington and Potomac chaps. of NRHS sponsor Skyline Limited, Southern Ry. 4501, air-conditioned and open coaches, Alexandria to Fort Royal, Va., both days. Adults $16, kids $13, 5-11. SSE to Skyline Limited, P.O. Box 487, Benjamin Franklin Sta., Washington, D.C. 20046.

July 14 (night), July 15 (day): Pittsburgh PCC trip covering all routes. Write Richard L. Bowker, trip director, Pennsylvania Ry. Museum Assn., 102 Woodside Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15221.

July 15: PCC trip, Boston, Mass., most routes; lv. Arborway, 11:30 a.m. return 5 p.m. Adults $5, kids $2.50. Contact Ernest Kovacs, 416 Second Ave., Bethlehem, Pa. 18018.

Aug. 17-Sept. 2: National Parks Tour, riding premier Amtrak trains, 5005 miles by rail, Puget Sound cruise, fares from $850. Contact Michigan Railroad Club, Box 586, Dearborn, Mich. 48121.

Aug. 18: One-Spot special steam trip, Erwin, Tenn., to St. Paul, Va.; adults $25, kids $20. Write C. D. Zimmerman, 1412 Meadowbrook Dr., Johnson City. Tenn. 37601.

Aug. 29-Sept. 6: NRHS convention, New Orleans. Trolley and steam trips, boat rides, etc. Special train leaves Washington, D.C., Aug. 29, with steam from Meridian, Miss., to N.O. Contact NRRS Convention, P.O. Box 4355, New Orleans, La. 70176.

Sept. 2: PCC trip on San Francisco Municipal Ry. covering entire system; lv. carbarn, Geneva and San Jose Aves., 11:30 a.m.; return about 5:30 p.m. Adults $5, kids $2.50. Write Ernest Kovacs, 416 Second Ave., Bethlehem, Pa. 18018. ●

BOOKS OF THE RAILS

by GORTON T. H. WILBUR

Norfolk & Western Steam: *The Last 25 Years*, by Ron Rosenberg and Eric H. Archer, 93 pages, 8½x11", soft cover, photos, roster, scale drawings, Quadrant Press, Inc., 19 W. 44th St., New York, N.Y. 10036; $5.95.

Sounds of N&W steam have been widely recorded, but this is the first good book to portray, in pix and print, steam's last stand on the Blue Ridge in general and the East in particular. Rosenberg and Archer present not only the best out of the Roanoke Shops' twilight years, but also an abundance of fine scale drawings that should be a joy to model fans.

RAILBOOK BIBLIOGRAPHY, *1948-1972*, 225 pages; Specialty Press, Inc., P.O. Box 2187, Ocean, N.J. 07712; hard cover $7.50, soft cover $5.

This must have been a labor of love for F. K. Hudson, editor-in-chief of Specialty Press. It is a tremendous job of cross-indexing by subject, author, and title of the most important railbooks, publications, and reports for 24 years. His main source of data was the card catalog of the Library of Congress, and the book follows the Library's format of sort title, subtitle, author, publication data, and collation or physical description. Highly recommended for the historian or journalist.

CAB-FORWARD: *The Story of Southern Pacific's Articulated Locomotives*, revised edition, by Robert J. Church, 216 pages, 8½x11¼", hard cover, photos, rosters, maps, drawings, Kratville Publications, 2566 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb., $18.50.

For nearly half a century the cabhead steamer was an SP exclusive. Church offers in outstanding camera work and interesting text the final assault by steam to successfully haul tonnage over the defiant High Sierras. These engines saw service on other divisions, too, but that challenge to the mighty barrier east of Roseville, Calif., has intrigued countless railfans. When the last AC-11 class fires were dumped in 1958 a railroad era disappeared. This is a book that all Southern Pacific followers will revel in and a *must* for steam fans.

THE LNER 2-8-2 AND 2-6-2 CLASSES, by J. F. Clay and J. Cliffe, 111 pages, 5½x8½", illustrated, text, specifications, and bibliography; Ian Allan, Terminal House, Shepparton, Middlesex, TW17 8AS, England; £1.80.

Here is a volume that unswerving steam fans shouldn't miss. The London & North Eastern locomotive classes that the authors decribe exemplify Sir Nigel Gresley's "big engine policy." The writing job is uncommonly well done.

BOSTON & MAINE R.R., BOSTON & LOWELL R.R., AND EASTERN R.R., by Francis B. C. Bradley, soft covers, reprints from original editions: B&M 84 pages, B&L 64 pages, Eastern 122 pages; all 6x9"; photos, rosters, tickets, timetables, Panorama Publications, 508 Lebanon St., Melrose, Mass. 02176; B&M, $6.50; B&L, $6; Eastern, $7; all three for $19.50.

Any New England railfan would almost certainly want to latch onto all three. They are satisfying reprints from the 1922 originals published by The Essex Institute, Salem, Mass. It's too bad a fourth couldn't have been added, the Fitchburg R.R., giving a real handle on all the major component parts of the Boston & Marine. Maybe, one day, somebody will come up with a complete book on this northern New England giant that played a vital role in the late 19th century.

STATIONS WEST: *The Story of the Oregon Railways*, by Edwin D. Culp, hard cover, photos, timetables, maps. Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho 83605, $12.95.

Here's one made to order for the libraries of Pacific Northwest railfans. Culp presents, with 480 good quality pix, the graphic history of Oregon railways from their beginnings to the present. The station of yesterday was the showcase of towns and cities.

Our Cut-Rate Book Service

As a service to readers, we sell books at about 5 percent off publisher's price. Our discount applies to almost any English language railbook still in print if it retails at $3.50 or more. Allow from 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

New York State residents must enclose 4 percent sales tax with each order. But we do not charge a New York City sales tax because our book agency is in New Rochell, N.Y. To avoid delay, send separate checks for books and magazine subscriptions. On all Canadian orders add 10 percent. On all other orders add 25¢ per book for postage.

The books are available only by mail. *Railroad Magazine Book Service,* 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Here are a few suggestions:

	List Price	Our Price
NORFOLK & WESTERN STEAM, Rosenberg-Archer	$ 5.95	($ 5.65)
RAILBOOK BIBLIOGRAPHY, by Hudson	$ 5.00	($ 4.75)
STATIONS WEST, by Culp	$12.95	($12.35)
THE RED ARROW, by R. DeGraw	$25.00	($23.75)
400,000 MILES BY RAIL, by Blanton	$ 8.50	($ 8.05)
NARROW GAUGE RYS. OF CANADA, by Lavallee	$11.95	($11.35)
MILWAUKEE ROADS WEST, by Wood	$14.95	($14.25)
THE SEARCH FOR STEAM, by Collias	$15.00	($14.25)
PIKE'S PEAK COG ROAD, by Morris Abbott	$12.95	($12.35)
WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD, Richard Reinhardt	$ 8.95	($ 8.50)
THE IRON HORSE, by Henry Comstock	$17.50	($16.70)
DEPOT DAYS, by H. A. Stimson	$ 2.95	($ 2.80)
THE RAILROAD SCENE, by Wm. Middleton	$ 8.95	($ 8.50)
THE RAILROAD CABOOSE, by Wm. F. Knapke	$ 7.95	($ 7.55)
NEW YORK CENTRAL CARS, Wayner	$ 6.95	($ 6.60)
BESSEMER & LAKE ERIE, 1869-1969, Beaver	$10.00	($ 9.50)
CAR-BUILDER'S DICTIONARY, Forney	$19.95	($19.00)
CANADIAN NAT. STEAM POWER, Clegg and Corley	$12.95	($12.30)
LAKE SUPERIOR RAILROADS, by Dorin	$10.95	($10.40)
L&N STEAM LOCOMOTIVES, by Richard Prince	$12.50	($11.90)
SOUTH SHORE INTERURBAN, by Wm. Middleton	$10.00	($ 9.50)
TO THE MOUNTAINS BY RAIL, by Wakefield	$15.00	($14.25)
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD K-4S, H. P. Albrecht	$ 3.00	($ 2.85)
INTERURBAN INTERLUDE, by E. J. Quinby	$ 7.95	($ 7.55)
PENNSY POWER II, by Staufer and Pennypacker	$15.00	($14.25)
TRAIN WATCHER'S GUIDE TO CHICAGO	$ 3.15	($ 3.00)
HEADLIGHTS & MARKERS, by Donovan and Henry	$ 6.95	($ 6.60)
MEXICAN NARROW GAUGE, by Gerald M. Best	$ 7.50	($ 7.15)
AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES, by John H. White	$20.00	($19.00)
THE AMERICAN STEAM LOCO, Vol. I	$14.50	($13.75)
OVER THE HILLS TO WOODSTOCK, by Mead	$ 3.50	($ 3.35)
MORRISTOWN & ERIE, by T. T. Tabet III	$ 6.95	($ 6.60)
THE ULSTER & DELAWARE, by G. M. Best	$12.95	($12.35)
THE COLORADO ROAD, by F. Hol Wagner Jr.	$15.00	($14.25)
THE SHAY LOCOMOTIVE, by Michael Koch	$19.50	($18.55)
GHOST RR's OF INDIANA, by Elmer Sulzer	$15.00	($14.25)
RAILS TO BLUE RIDGE, by H. H. Harwood	$ 4.50	($ 4.25)
NARROW GAUGE TO REDWOODS, Dickson	$ 7.95	($ 7.55)
RAILS TO POSSUM TROT, by J. A. Stowe	$ 2.50	($ 2.40)
SUPER POWER STEAM LOCOS, by R. J. Cook	$ 8.95	($ 8.50)
RAILROADS OF YOSEMITE VALLEY, H. Johnston	$10.00	($ 9.50)
SNOWPLOW, by Gerald M. Best	$ 6.00	($ 5.70)
20TH CENTURY, by Lucius Beebe	$ 6.95	($ 6.60)
THE TRAINS WE RODE, Beebe and Clegg, Vol. I	$17.50	($16.60)
THE TRAINS WE RODE, Beebe-Clegg, Vol. II	$17.50	($16.60)
THE OVERLAND LIMITED, by Lucius Beebe	$ 5.95	($ 5.65)
LIFE ON A LOCOMOTIVE, by George Williams	$ 5.95	($ 5.65)
DELAWARE & HUDSON, by Shaughnessy	$16.50	($15.65)
GREAT DAYS OF THE CIRCUS, by Freeman Hubbard	$ 5.95	($ 5.65)
STEAM POWER: C&NW, by Charles T. Knudsen	$10.00	($ 9.50)
OPEN THROTTLE (rail-fiction stories)	$ 4.50	($ 4.25)
STEEL RAILS TO VICTORY, by Ron Ziel	$14.95	($14.20)
GREAT LAKES CAR FERRIES, by George W. Hilton	$ 6.00	($ 5.70)
THE MA & PA, by George W. Hilton	$ 5.00	($ 4.75)
THE RUTLAND ROAD, by Shaughnessy	$11.50	($10.90)
THE PULLMAN SCRAPBOOK, Bob Wayner	$ 4.95	($ 4.70)
JANE'S WORLD RAILWAYS	$55.00	($52.25)
RIGHT-OF-WAY (Abandoned Roads)	$4 .95	($ 4.70)
SANTA FE'S BIG THREE	$17.95	($17.00)

Is This the World's Oldest Active Steam Locomotive?

A century old, the British Railways 4-4-2 No. 488 stands completely restored and is ready for fantrips. She was originally built at the Swindon Works in 1854, the same shops in which this photograph was taken in Jan. 1973. The Swindon Shops of 1854 were the erection and repair depot of London & Great Western Ry., now largest in all Europe.

Hugh Wilmoth, Box 1419, Montreal 114, Quebec, Canada

IN SEARCH OF STEAM

Mike Eagleson

Chicago & North Western's old *Pioneer*.

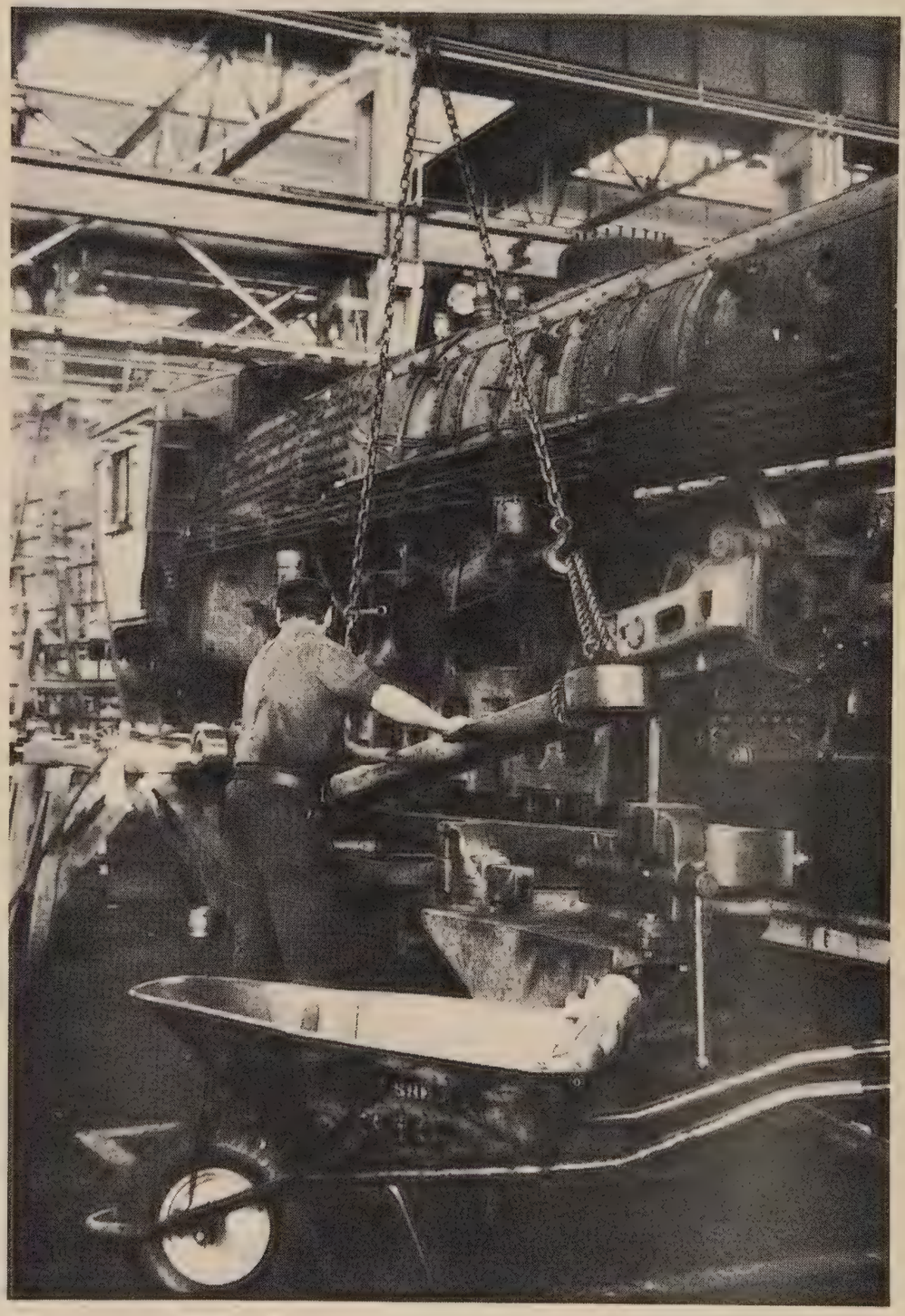
RECENTLY, the Chicago & North Western donated its famous *Pioneer* (Baldwin, 1848) to the Chicago Historical Society for display in the Society's museum in Lincoln Park. This 12-ton steamer is the only known survivor of 125 such 4-2-0's. She's worth seeing the next time you visit Chicago.

SKAGIT RIVER RAILWAY, a projected 23-mile steam road, is still in the planning stages. The idea is to operate it over Burlington Northern metals between Sedro Woolley and Concrete, Wash., with Seattle City Light's 1928 Baldwin 2-8-2 No. 6. The Mikado is due to undergo repairs this summer in the City Light's Newhalem shops and then be hauled down the highway to Concrete next year, ending her 20-year retirement. . . . Another embryonic tourist operation —over the Penn Central between Sunbury and Shamokin, Pa.—also is in the planning stage, reports David Keiter, executive director of Laredo, P.O. Box 354, Mt. Carmel, Pa. 17851. Now seeking local support and financial aid, Dave is looking around for an operable steamer and suitable equipment. . . . Still another proposed steam tourist line, this one in the Cleveland-Akron area of Ohio, is being considered by sports magnate Nick Mileti and community leaders. Plans call for using existing B&O tracks through the Cuyahoga River valley, but I don't know which engine Nick has in mind.

SITTING beside Highway 224 next to the Carbon Limestone Company's main office in Lowellville, Ohio, is a 2-4-2 Porter, says John B. Corns, 604 Fulton Rd., N.W., Canton, Ohio 44703. As No. 6 she hauled stone on 36-inch tracks, later going on display near a Holiday Inn by the Ohio Turnpike. She is now painted red, blue, and gold . . . fine colors for a quarry!

NORTH CAROLINA'S steam-powered Graham County Railroad, including a tourist operation called Bear Creek Scenic, may have a new lease on life, exults Jim Edscorn, 132 Glenview Dr., Birmingham, Ala. The closed mill at Robbinsville is going back into limited production, requiring rail service again. In addition, Burlington Industries is building a new plant nearby, which also needs a rail outlet. Eleven miles of new rail will be laid, and the four miles to the Southern exchange at Topton will be refurbished. Until recently, four Shays were on the property: one displayed on the highway and being cannibalized for parts, a second in the shop being rebuilt, a third since sold to an Oregon tourist road, and the fourth, still in good running order and fired up last summer to haul in two dead Heislers from the defunct Maggie Valley nearby. . . . Jim also reports a Shay, possibly from the old Belcher Lumber Co., being rebuilt in Bessemer, Ala. Who knows details?

And speaking of Shays, a 1917 Lima product formerly of West Virginia logging fame, is a rare addition to the National Railroad Museum at



Stripped for action, Canadian National No. 6060 being overhauled in Point St. Charles Motive Power Erection Shop, Montreal, Quebec, on February 27, 1973.
J. Howard Audibert, 6632 28th Street, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33712

Southern's 4501 in the yard at Picayune, Miss., on a rainy day in October 1972.
David H. Stockstill, Jr., 605 South Curran Ave., Picayune, Miss. 39466

Green Bay, Wisconsin. For years she and six other steamers were owned by Harold Allen and Casey Samborski of Michigan, who hoped to start a railroad museum of their own in that state near Whitmore Lake. Financial problems forced them to abandon the project and sell their locos and cars.

NOW owned by the Kentucky Railway Museum in Louisville, ex-Louisville & Nashville 4-6-2 No. 152 is still being rebuilt for excursion service. Latest reports say her flues, tubes, superheater, and throttle valve have all been removed to allow further boiler inspection. The results are quite favorable; she can be made serviceable. As work progresses, a tender formerly off sister K-2a No. 162 is being considered for replacing with the one now on the 152, which is not the proper tender for her class. The group is making painstaking efforts to see the Pacific accurately restored. I hope they retain the old L&N lettering. Details came to me from *Louisville Steam News*, 300 Chelsea Rd., Louisville, Ky. 40207.

AN ANCIENT Rogers 2-6-0 sits dreaming sadly under the southern sky beside the old Columbus & Greenville roundhouse in Columbus, Miss., I learn from Dennis Barnette, Stratcom Opns., Drawer 902, Ft. Clayton, Canal Zone. Apparently nobody wants her. She had been donated to the City of Columbus for display in a park, but Mississippi railfans couldn't raise enough money to place her there and the city refused to appropriate it.

PUGET SOUND Railway Historical Association at Snoqualmie, Wash., is now running ex-Weyerhaeuser 2-6-6-2 No. 6. This museum has a good sense of historical accuracy and retains the original name and tender lettering, rather than some silly Whoopyville & Northern as some tasteless tourist roads are now doing. Ex-Rayonier 2-8-2 No. 70, also properly lettered and the pride of PSRHA shop crews, runs perfectly after her recent rebuilding. Other steamers on the property are ex-Kosmos Timber No. 11, a near-operable 2-6-6-2; ex-Union Pacific 2-8-0 No. 529, and a good-looking Rogers 0-6-0. Twelve other steamers and much rolling stock are in various stages of restoration, reports Fred Feiertag, Ops. Co., ASA, Box 24, Ft. Devens, MA. 01433.

EX-READING 4-8-4's 2100 and 2101 are still for sale at about $20,000 each, according to Paul Schumann, 10204 S. Utica Ave., Evergreen Park, Ill. 60642. Both are in nearly-operable condition. Contact E. L. Striegel, Striegel's Supply & Equipment Corp., 6001 Chemical Road, Baltimore, Md. 21226. But Ken Ondracek, who wants to buy a steamer, prefers a narrow-gage 0-4-0T. His address is 17400 W. Dodge, Lot 72, Omaha, Neb. 68118.

BOSTON & MAINE 4-6-2 No. 3666, which fell into the Piscatagua River at Portsmouth, N.H., on Sept. 10, 1939, has been mentioned several times in my column. Gregory Hendricks, 97-34 80th St., Ozone Park, N.Y. 11416, is a member of a skin-diving club which wants to attempt to salvage this only extant example of a B&M 3600. He'd like to hear from

Hugh D. Ramsey, 533 Lowther Rd., Dunstable LU6 3LP, Bedfordshire, England

Loco 4472 hauling *Flying Scotsman* along mainline to Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1967 as photographer's wife looks on.

anyone having knowledge of the engine's exact location and legal ownership. Good luck, Gregory! Let's see some photos of your diving operation. They could possibly be the only underwater steam photos ever taken!

OVERSEAS. Steamfan D. Goldman of Santa Barbara, Calif., has bought a New Zealand Railways 4-8-2, No. 1250, class Ja, and donated her to the Railway Enthusiasts Society of New Zealand. The once-streamlined Mountain type will stay in the museum at Glenbrook, N.Z. Two years ago I photographed her wheeling the *South Island Express* during a steam-chasing expedition for a forthcoming book, *Twilight of World Steam*, which I was doing with Ron Ziel, railcamera man and author. The book is to be published this fall by Grosset & Dunlap. It was difficult in a rented car to keep up with the slim-gage beauty while driving furiously over left-hand-drive roads. I'm glad Mr. Goldman has preserved the 1250 for future generations.

Recently an 0-6-0 side tanker, built in 1918, was loaded into Sealink's *Camber Queen* for portage to Britain's Isle of Wight steam operation. After being idle for three years, she later spent most of her life working Stewart & Lloyd's iron and stone quarry at Harlaxton in Lincolnshire, England, from which an enthusiast bought her for a permanent loan to the Wight Locomotive Society.

Also overseas, the 10-mile Wieslauterback Valley line in Germany reopened this May after being closed for 11 years and is using steam only. . . . Four 750-mm 29½"-gage steam locos can be bought from Walter Staffacher, Compania Introductora de Buenos Aires, South America, Direc. Teleg. "Importader" C.C. No. 448. If someone doesn't buy them soon, they'll be scrapped.

Serious collectors of engine builders' plates are now following the trend of many photographers by looking overseas to add to their collections. Mike Eagleson (address below) will sell "DB" cab plate off a Deutsche Bundesbahn 4-6-2 for $50 postpaid. ●

Mike Eagleson does not work in our office. To save time, send steam mail directly to his home, 37 Edgemere Avenue, Mt. Arlington, N.J. 07856.

"INTERURBAN ROLLER-COASTER"

The Mountain Railroad that pioneered the protected third rail. Another book by Ex-Motorman E. J. Quinby, with 71 pix.

WILKES-BARRE & HAZLETON RAILWAY

Hard cover $5.95, Paper back $3.95
Carstens Publications, Ramsey, N.J. 07446

Eric L. Wheater, Lyons Falls, N.Y. 13368

Thailand State Railways woodburner 730 easing back with cars to pickup rest of train at end of line at Nam Tok, along route of notorious "Death Railway."

STEVE MAGUIRE'S

TRANSIT TOPICS

THE 100th anniversary of San Francisco's first cable-car line will be observed this August, for at that time in 1873 Andrew S. Hallidie, who launched the project, made the maiden trip over the new line on Clay Street between Leavenworth and Kearney streets. Chairman of a citizen's committee for the Centennial is Mrs. Hans Klussmann, who led the successful fight to retain the last cable lines in San Francisco almost 25 years ago. A medallion honoring the event is being designed and struck by the Pacific Coast Chapter of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society.

If you live in San Francisco and are capable of getting up at sunrise on August 1st, grab a cup of hot coffee to assist in waking you up. Then hurry over to Clay and Jones streets by 5 a.m. The date and hour will mark the 100th anniversary of the first appearance of a San Francisco cable car. At that exact time the city's earliest cable car—now a century-old museum piece—will begin rolling down Clay Street from Jones to Kearney as Hallidie's car did, except that this time it won't run on its own but will be hauled aboard a flat-bed truck.

The original car now belongs to the Pacific Coast Chapter. At Embarcadero Park a community breakfast will be served, with music and entertainment. Clay Street residents will have their homes and businesses decorated, with gonfalons flying. All in all, a colorful background for nation-wide TV. The chapter is planning other events, too, for the celebration—bell-ringing contests, luncheons, dinners, and shows—but the dates are still undetermined.

Fred A. Stindt, chairman of the chapter, recalls that it was he who prompted the Municipal Railway to build an additional cable car and paint it with the lettering used when the Powell line started in 1888, at which time it was a separate concern, the Powell Street Railway Co.

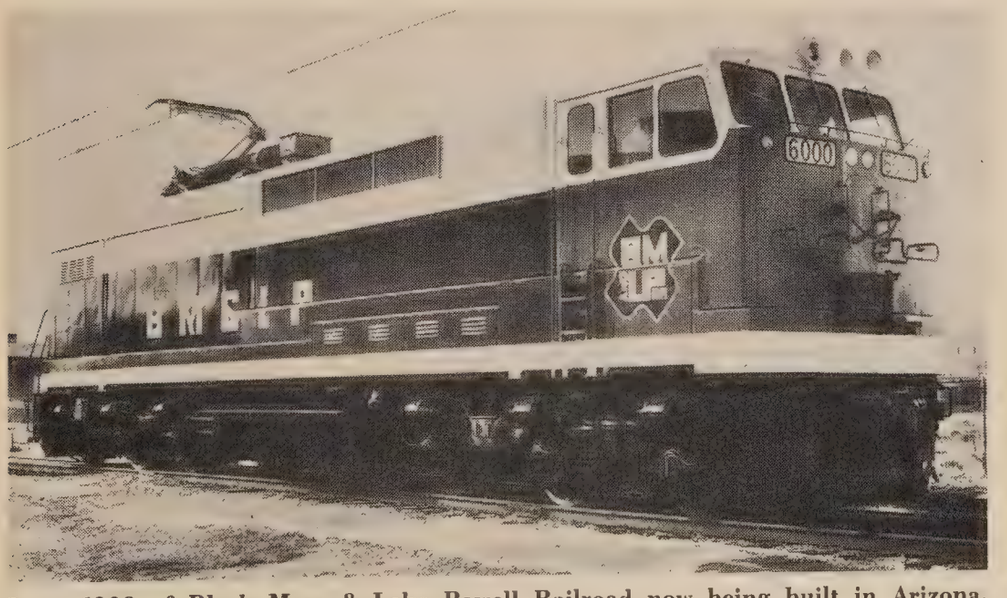
Fred says: "The present Powell cars which serve two lines, Fisherman's Wharf and Aquatic Park, are numbered 500-527, with 519 excluded, a total of 27 cars. I am proposing that they be renumbered 1 (the new car) through 28, and the numbers placed in a scroll effect. I'm sure this will be done."

San Francisco cable car lazing outside old Southern Pacific office building.

"For the past three years our chapter has been building models of all cable cars that ever ran in San Francisco. It will take 57 models to tell the story; 47 have been built, with ten to go. As chairman of the Museum at the Cable Car Barn, I have designated the spot where they will be displayed. In addition to the original cable car of 1873, our chapter owns the Sutter Street dummy (built in 1879) and trailer as well as a Sacramento-Clay cable car built in 1909. All are now on display in the Cable Car Barn."

New Staten Island Rapid Transit cars leave the St. George terminal on a test run to Tottenville. The somber look of the old cars has given way to brightly-lit, chrome and plastic of this new R-44 car to joy of happy crew.

Both photos from Staten Island Advocate



Loco 6000 of Black Mesa & Lake Powell Railroad now being built in Arizona.

General Electric photograph

MEYERS LAKE, long a popular amusement park for residents of Canton, Ohio, is now for sale and may eventually be closed to the public, according to McKinley Crowley of Canton. Years ago, trolleys of the Northern Ohio Traction took patrons to the park by the thousands. At one time the lake and park were owned by the Ohio Edison Co. The Northern Ohio Traction & Light also had an interest in it, looking for ways to increase business, and amusement parks were big attractions.

It is still well-patronized. Only last year a new record was set at Meyers Lake—a record for the longest continuous ride on a roller coaster. One day in May, 1972, four hardy souls decided to stay on-and-on-and-on. Two of them actually remained on one car for three hours and 32 minutes. When they finally were helped off the car, both fellows had to be taken to a hospital.

INSPIRED by the book *Interurban Interlude*, a history of North Jersey Rapid Transit by one of its former motormen, E. J. Quinby, a new tavern has been set up by a lawyer and native of Ramsey, N.J., named James R. Napolitano, at the Main Street crossing in Ramsey where the NJRT had a station. A trolley motif was adopted in its decor. Prospective "passengers" phoning for reservations are greeted by: "Green Trolley, motorman McGovern speaking." Murals include scenes from Quinby's personal scrapbook, blown up to grace the walls. A head-on bas-relief of one of the line's original green trolleys is mounted on the exterior. So popular is this rendezvous that it was soon expanded to enlarge the lounge, dining room, and kitchen.

"It's a natural," Jim enthuses. "I wish we could have rescued one of the old cars, but we have other mementos."

AN ITEM in our March department described the now-abandoned trolley system at Bendigo in New South Wales, Australia, as being the last public transit line with a Birney car. Well, it wasn't. Bruce Russell of Glen Ridge, N.J., says that at least one Birney, numbered 103, was still in occasional service at Veracruz, Mexico, when he was down there recently. At the same time he saw a few inoperable Birneys waiting to be scrapped. Not long ago the Veracruz line converted all but one of its last 4-wheeled Birneys to closed cars. These closely resembled Birneys but not, of course, the original design of the late Charles O. Birney, inventor of this type.

(*Note from Freeman Hubbard*: Steve Maguire had a history of the Birney car in our Aug. '44 issue and a biography of Birney in Sept. '44.)

Southeastern Ohio Traction No. 4 and express car at Crooksville about 1909.
Collection of John J. Denney, Columbia, Pa.

WE LEARN from *The Western Railroader,* edited by *Interesting Railfan* Francis Guido, P.O. Box 668, San Mateo, Calif., that San Francisco streetcar service on Market Street between Church and Castro has been rerouted via Church and 17th streets. Service on Market Street ended when the new trackage on 17th Street was opened last December 3rd. The K, L, and M lines will remain on the new route for about two years and will go into the new subway.

The Bay Area Electric Railfan Association marked the change of route by sponsoring a trip on Muni car No. 1; and the last regular car over the old route, a L-Taravel liner, also was filled with "juice" enthusiasts. The longer route resulted in a shortage of street cars. Express busses supplemented the N line during peak periods. Ten streetcars have been bought from the Toronto Transit Commission, which, however, reserves the right to buy them back in 1975 for $250 each.

ELECTRACK INC. of New York has been formed by General Cable Corp. and British Insulated Callender's Construction Co. Ltd. to engineer, furnish, and install railroad electrification systems in the United States. It will draw upon the world-wide experience, skills, and resources of its parent companies and have access to their research and engineering laboratories in both this country and Britain. Among the services offered are design, engineering, procurement, and project managment.

General Cable and BICC collaborated on the world's first 50,000-volt overhead railway cantenary system, a 3½-mile test track at Erie, Pa., for the East Erie Commercial Railroad, completed in 1971. General Electric is now using this installation to test locomotives and high-speed transit cars.

In dedicating the new track, John W. Ingram of the Federal Railway Administration described it as helping to move the U.S. toward world leadership in railroad electrification; but he did not comment on the Milwaukee Road.

Already tested here are GE's new E60 locomotives, which are due to enter service on the new electric, automated Black Mesa & Lake Powell Railroad. The latter will begin operations in Arizona this year.

The commuter cars illustrate the versatility of the test track. Some will be operating on both 11,000-volt AC electric power supplied through catenaries (overhead lines) and on DC third-rail power. The new track is equipped with both modes. It also duplicates the point at which the cars must switch from one power source to the other without stopping.

SHAKER HEIGHTS Rapid Transit line can't hold out more than a year longer without a regional subsidy, according to retiring Mayor Paul K. Jones of that Ohio city. Jones railroaded in his early years, later became superintendant of transportation on the Shaker Heights line and eventually mayor. He has long advocated a regional transit plan but not city subsidies. However a loss of 15 percent of the riders last year, following a rise in fares to 60 cents for a one-way trip, has brought the line a substantial deficit for the second successive year, reports Al Kleinsmith of Cleveland.

New recycling bin for newspapers in convenient location in PATH World Trade Center Terminal, New York.

PATH passengers who use the new World Trade Center rail transit terminal in downtown Manhattan have become environmentalists by recycling their newspapers, thus helping to conserve natural resources and maintain a cleaner environment. In doing this they stack the papers in ten colorful recycling receptacles on the train platforms and in mezzanine areas on leaving trains, instead of throwing them on the seats and car floors. Each receptacle holds about 60 newspapers weighing some 35 pounds. The paper then is reprocessed. Each year, approximately 125 tons of newspapers are discarded by PATH passengers on trains and in stations of New York City and suburban New Jersey.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA Rapid Transit District, which operates the large bus system in the Los Angeles area, has been accused of violating the intent of the state legislature that in 1971 voted to extend the sales tax to gasoline so that the income from such sales could be used to start building a rapid transit system in the smog-ridden county. According to Arthur C. Davis, 7323 Balcom Ave., Resedo, Calif. 91335, the SCRTD has, instead, voted $5 million of the tax funds to add to bus service on existing lines! Says the Los Angeles Times:

The SCRTD is moving backward with buses when the rest of the country is moving forward with rapid transit. The management and board of the Southern California Rapid Transit District are making a serious mistake. They have abruptly backed away from rapid transit in favor of an expanded bus system. It is not too late for them to change their minds. They must change their minds if Los Angeles is to have the kind of rapid transit it needs for the reduction of smog, for convenience, and for economic benefit of the whole region.

Nearly all the studies and surveys conducted into the area's transportation problems since the 1920's have emphasized the need for mass transit, preferably high-speed rapid transit. Those several million dollars worth of plans and proposals underscore what everybody knows from personal observation—that buses cannot move large numbers of passengers over streets and freeways congested with some of the heaviest traffic in the country.

It is late at night as PCC No. 1517 heads through downtown El Paso, Texas, toward the carbarn on November 4, 1972.

Gary G. Allen, 215½ E. Palmer Ave., Glendale, Calif. 91205

William T. Morgan, AN, Box 26, Fleet Weather Facility, FPO New York 09571

The last horse-drawn streetcar in regular service in U.S. passed out at Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1921. Barbara Packard of Ft. Myers, Fla., watches old Dobbin clomping along today on "Main Street U.S.A" at Disney World in Florida.

Northern Ohio Ry. & Light Co. 468 at Meyers Lake Park, taken about 1920.
McKinley Crowley photo from collection of Steve Maguire

The best way to kill rapid transit is to do what the SCRDT is doing now, to pretend that buses can do the job. They can't. The SCRTD has to stop, turn around, and use the sales tax money and the city and county funds for the purpose for which they were intended: to begin to build the first leg of the truly rapid transit system this region must have.

More recently a bill has been introduced in the California legislature to prevent SCRTD from buying buses with the $5 million intended for rail rapid transit use. It would also require submission of a plan for a rail system and a way to finance it.

BOSTON subways were hit by four car fires in the first 40 days of 1973, two being serious because they occurred in tunnels where heavy smoke caused injuries and one fatality. All the fires were on the Harvard-Ashmont line, reports James H. Crimmins, Exeter, N.H. So Joseph C. Kelly, general manager of the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority, appointed a panel to investigate the fires. This panel consists of Wm. J. Ronan, head of New York's Metropolitan Transportation Authority; Tom O'Connor, general manager of the Chicago Transit Authority, and John Hoban of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey.

Says Kelly: "As far back as last December 6th, when our rapid transit car inspections indicated a deteriorating condition on the cars' shoe beams —which are insulating blocks protecting the car body from the electrical current picked up from the third rail by the contact shoe—our board of directors ordered 1,100 insulation blocks to be installed on all Red Line cars.

Since then, our technical men have been working steadily with the Permali Co. of Pennsylvania, the sole source of supply for such equipment, and have developed an improved type of shoe beam. I have instructed the Permali people to exert their maximum efforts, including overtime and extra shift work, to speed up the delivery of the improved insulating blocks. As rapidly as they arrive our shop force will install them. Meanwhile, every Red Line Cambridge-Dorchester car with possible shoe problems—some 47 in all—has been taken out of service. None will run again until equipped with the new insulating blocks."

MBTA also had planned to substitute all-electric PCC cars on its isolated Ashmont-Mattapan high-speed line, for the ex-Dallas cars in use there for several years. According to Norton Clark, Newton Highlands, Mass. 02161, when it came time to transfer the cars, it was discovered that most of the Dallas types had been converted to single-ended operation. Poles at one end had been removed, controller parts were missing, and in one case walkover seats had been replaced by the standard PCC seats that characterize single-ended cars. No one seems to know how or when this happened.

MONTHS ago, a reader asked for the whereabouts of one of the ex-Cincinnati & Lake Erie fast interurban cars that the Cedar Rapids & Iowa City line had used after the C&LE was abandoned in 1939. The answer comes from the monthly *California Electric Railway Review,* published by the California Railway Museum, Rio Vista Junction, Calif. This car, No. 111, had been bought by Lt. Col. Kenneth W. Fry after the CR&CI line ended passenger service in the 1950's. Still in operating condition, it was stored in the Santa Fe roundhouse at Emporia, Kan., until recently when Colonel Fry moved it and presented this rare piece of equipment to the California Railway Museum. The car was shipped there on a flatcar.

"WHO can supply info. or pictures of the electric car that used to run between St. Paul and Hastings, Minn.?" asks C. B. Hoard, 3318 Chateau Knoll, Bettendorf, Iowa 52722. "I often rode it in my high school days. It was abandoned long ago. (*Ed. note:* The line's history will be included in a book being prepared by Minnesota Transportation Museum, Box 1300, Hopkins, Minn. 55343.)

New Electric Publications

***Chicago's Rapid Transit: Vol. 1, Rolling Stock, 1892-1947*, is the subject of *Bulletin 113* of the Central Electric Railfans Assn., 248 pages, 11x8½", with hard cover, published by CERA, P.O. Box 503, Chicago, Ill. 60690, $15.**

In the 80 years that elevated and subway lines have been serving the Windy City, the Chicago Transit Authority and its predecessors have operated at least 2500 cars of many types. This first volume covers about half the all-time roster, including all cars delivered in the early years to 1947, when Chicago Rapid Transit became municipally-owned. Vol. 1 is primarily a photographic roster, with 8 full-color pages, over 400 photos, technical car data, and scaled car plans.

It is dedicated to George Krambles, operating manager of the CTA. Thirty-five years ago he helped to found the CERA. His vast collection of streetcar and interurban material in the past and his more recent expertise in the field have enhanced the value of this detailed coverage of Chicago's el and subway lines prior to municipal control. It is almost unique in traction history that a group can take advantage of so fine a source of material in its own organization. The result is an excellent book.

Cincinnati, Georgtown & Portsmouth Railroad* started as a steam line in Ohio but later was electrified into an interurban. Two publications cover the CG&P in brief sketches and photographs: Vols. 1 (steam) and 2 (electric), both written by Stephen B. Smalley, 6129 Glade Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45230. Each is 6x9", with stapled binding, and costs $1.50. We asked the author why Vol. 2 had no photos of the newer curved-side lightweight cars. He said they'd be covered in a third volume. The CG&P was notable in that at one time it operated three different gages of track. A short CG&P story appeared in the May '42 *Railroad Magazine.

To save time, send *Transit Topics* mail directly to Stephen D. Maguire, P.O. Box 51, Belmar, N.J. 07719.

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THE SWITCH LIST

All ads in this section cost 10¢ a word (minimum 25 words, no maximum wordage), including abbreviations, names, initials, numbers, cities, states, or provinces. Zip codes free. SSE means "enclose self-addressed stamped envelope." Send check or money order with each entry to Bill Balgley, advertising manager, Railroad Magazine, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

SETH BRAMSON, 8035 Cecil St., Miami Beach, Fla. 33141, buys, trades for anything FEC or predecessors or anything Florida. Buys rail, trolleyana in quantity. Sells selected items; fills want lists.

CATALOG of 1,000 electric railway photos, 16c stamp, includes ITC, IRR, BCE, WCF&N, Potomac Edison, B&A, W&OD, CR&IC, LVT, 41 others.—Seth Steventon, Kenman, Wis. 54537.

ARNOLD BERMAN, 10 Ramona Court, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10804, wants anything from N.Y., Westchester & Boston RR, traction slides and fotos on TARS, Brooklyn, Boston, Washington, D.C.

JAMES PROKES, 7850 S. Kenneth St., Chicago, Ill. 60652, buys timetables, cap badges, dater dies, brass lanterns, playing cards, keys, silverware, books.

MARTIN T. HAHN, 139 Richards Ave., Maple Shade, N.J. 08052, sells official PRR system wall maps in full color, size 20"x40", at $1.25 each. Also sells Official PRR and PRSL block sheets from old Atlantic Division towers from 1940's and 1950's. Send SSE for free list.

GERALD CARSON, 11945 Gay Glen, Bridgeton, Mo., 63043, sells duplicate color slides diesel and steam, black and white prints. Sample and catalog, 35c. Buys original steam and early diesel slides and negatives.

RICHARD BARRETT, 176 South Goodman St., Rochester, N.Y. 14607, sells original builders' photos from Alco files 1905-1935, original PRR calendar prints, and book, When Rochester Rode by Rail. (SSE)

ALDEN MILLER, 3212-34th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn. 55406, wants railroad-travel vacation movies, other movie subjects, as toy train collections and operating layouts.

RICHARD SAUSE, 433 Castleton Ave., Staten Island, N.Y. 10301, will custom-enlarge your favorite railroad slides or color negatives into 8x10 full-color prints for $3.98. Each additional print from same negative or slide, $1.

BUYING old timetables, books, passes, Off. Guides, etc., collections especially. Also selling timetables and railroadiana, reasonable prices; list free.—John Weston, Box 339, Wilmette, Ill. 60091.

LACKAWANNA'S last main line tt., Sept. 5, 1960, $1.25 each. Also colorful 20-page booklet titled: The Story of Phoebe Snow, $5.—Launcelot Erickson, P.O. Box 153, Pleasant Prairie, Wis. 53158.

FOR SALE: All-Time Catalogue of Interurban and Street Railway Books and Bulletins, North American edition, 63 pages, $3.50. Also Ideas and Standards for HO Trolley Layouts, 8 pages, 85c. —R.F. Radway, 22495 Ray, Detroit, Mich. 48223.

WANT TO REALLY DO something about passenger trains? Write us.—Naptras, 621 West Willow, Lombard, Ill. 60148. Naptras . . . Helping to make the trains worth traveling again.

FOR SALE; railroad emblem watch fobs in colored porcelain, only $2.50 each, over 60 different. Stamp for free list. Also have bolo ties and belt buckles.—Hoover's 120B Fruit, Peru, Ill. 61354.

ROGER ARCARA, 1432 Leland Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10460, sells reconditioned cameras, sizes 120-620, 116-616, for big oblong negs. Details free.

OLD RADIO programs on cassettes or reels. Your favorite shows return. We have thousands of programs to choose from: Amos and Andy, Fred Allen, I Love a Mystery, Inner Sanctum, Sherlock Holmes, etc. Send 50c to Remember Radio, Inc., Box 2513U, Norman, Okla. 73069, for our catalog.

STEVE DOWNEY, P.O. Box 3477, Hialeah, Fla. 33013, will trade locomotive slides of his area for those of Nebraska, Kansas, and Texas railroads.

R. WALTON, 1745 Sharon Pl., San Marino, Calif. 91108, will buy "Haywire Mac" McClintock records and memorabilia.

RAILROAD, steamship, and airline single playing cards and matchbooks, hundreds, sold individually, end duplication as when buying "assortments." List, 3 Stamps or 25c.—Don Woods, 8380 Riverside Dr. Novelty, Ohio 44072.

LES ANDREWS, 4231 S.W. 38th St., Hollywood, Fla. 33023, sells photos Amtrak and pre-Amtrak cars, diesels, stations. Buys, sells, swap negatives, Graflex or equal quality. Prefers 2¼x2¼, 2¼x3¼.

M&S PUBLICATIONS, 2517 Yow Rd., Greenboro, N.C. 27407, sells b&w prints, steam and diesel. Large list, 25c.

RAILROAD COLLECTIBLES. A new 1973 Junior Size Encyclopedia covering headlamps to playing cards. Entertaining and informative reading for all antique railroad collectors and model builders or money back. $2.95 postpaid. 48-hour service. Neil Utberg, Box 420, Edinburg, Texas 78539.

CHARLES CONNIFF, 534 Witsell Rd., Jackson, Miss. 39206, sells original color Kodak slides of Class 1, short lines, and industrials, 1st and 2nd generation units. (SSE)

WILLIAM STAUB, 30 East Third Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218, will buy Western Maryland 1959 rulebook, Pennsy ticket validater and die, also Lima builder's plate.

CABOOSE kerosene oil lamps for sale, old wall-mounted type, fine condition, complete with spring and base brackets, font, 2-glass chimney, by Adam Westlake Co., $30 ea. plus postage. T. Dunn, P.O. Box 468, Sedona, Ariz. 86336.

ALBERTO J. MONTERO, 432 Allen Avenue, Glendale, Calif. 91201, will buy anything about Cuban, railroads.

SEND $1 for list and photos of 12⅝-gage outdoor railroad. Also have 7½-gage children's handcar set for sale. B&O caboose stove. 24"-gage, all steel, 4-wheel cars. Write Toy Train Museum, Harpers Ferry, W. Va. 25425.

NORTH SHORE LINE system timetable reproduction April 30, 1922, sixteen pages, including a centerfold map, advertising for the connections of the Eastern Limited, price $1.25.—Herb Danneman, 14425 Woodland Pl., Brookfield, Wis. 53005.

5x7 STEAM PHOTOS for sale. Main roads, Class 1, short line, and industrial. List 15¢. Wm. Hoffman II, 326 South East Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21224.

I WANT TO BUY a Norfolk Southern Ry. kero. hand lantern, good condition. I need anything from North Carolina shortlines. Would like to buy medium-size, Southern Ry. or Norfolk Southern conductor's hat. State price and condition in first letter. I have A&EC and ACL switch locks for trade for your southern states shortline lock. Also have paper items for trade. W. R. Newton, 309 N. Contentnea St., Farmville, N.C. 27828.

GORDON TIFFT, 1523 Penmar Ave., Venice, Calif. 90291, wants erection prints of CMST.P&P S2 4-8-4.

SCOTT ARDEN'S Antiques & Artifacts (railroad & related continues to offer the widest selection anywhere of diverse non-paper items. Museum quality, long new lists monthly, many rarities, satisfaction guaranteed. 3 stamps for current lists. RRAA, 1260 Star, Noti, Ore. 97461.

JON NELSON, 9911 W. Broadview Dr., Miami Beach, Fla. 33154, buys or trades for anything Florida, and Florida East Coast. Also buys and swaps RPO cancels, tickets, menus.

JOHN CORNS, 226 Locke N.W., Massillon, Ohio 44646, wants anything W&LE or predecessors. Will sell N&W spittoon. Buys, sells, trades steam loco hardware. (SSE)

CLEAR plastic slip covers, specially designed for public timetables, 5¢ each; sample free. Large public timetable list, 50¢.—Tom Coval, 21 E. Robin Rd., Holland, Pa. 18966.

BOB GREENWALT, 3643 Rosemead, Rosemead, Calif. 91770, wants old RR or mining stocks and bonds, Poor's and Moody's Manuals, pre-1920 Centennial dater, brass "year" wheel, parts. Also swaps.

WANTED: Illinois Central photos, negatives, color; diesels and cabooses, old or new scheme. State roster number and price.—John Sherman, 2700 Spencerport Rd., Spencerport, N.Y. 14559.

HAVE ORIGINAL B&W negatives of PA's, FA's, Erie-builts, and other rare diesels. Will trade for original negatives of diesels of equal rareness. 100's of diesel negatives to be auctioned off in blocks. Complete list to be mailed June 1st for 16¢ SSE marked "Auction." Bidding closes July 1st.—Thomas R. Morris, 8636 Stark, Riverside, Calif. 92504.

FOR SALE: steam and diesel loco pictures from hundreds of roads, mostly postcard size, sell on approval only. Write Max Miller, Box 365, College Corner, Ohio 45003.

WILL SELL 510 copies, Railroad, Trains magazines, some covers off. All complete except covers. Most good. Make offer.—Merwin Bulman, Rte. 3, Box 99, New Richmond, Wis. 54017.

RAILROADIANA back to 1844 for sale or trade. Old model train catalogs, model railroad and model steam magazines. HO locomotives. Want Lionel 1913-1929 or metal lathe. $1 for 11-page list, refunded on $5 orders. No phone calls, Edward A. Hilland, 331 Sylvan Ave., Gloucester City, N.J. 08030.

H. CHELF, 2114 E. Marshall Ave., Longview, Tex. 75601, buys or trades steam negatives, 1st-gen. diesels; offers quality photos of same. Sells 35mm slides.

NOSTALGIC train slides: Large selection of steam, electric, and diesels. Send $1 for 2 picturesque samples.—MS Travel Films, 6430 Xavier Crt., Arvada, Colo. 80003.

JOE QUINN, Box 1044, Tillson, N.Y. 12486, sells excellent quality original size 616 negatives, 35mm slides. Diesel, elec. equipment;

many roads; still, action. Also steam, diesel enlargements. (SSE)

HARRY N. SAWYER, 610 Empire Blvd., Rochester, N.Y. 14609, sells keys, timetables, lanterns, books, locks, magazines, RR stationery.

YOU CAN GET a sample railroad playing card from almost any railroad in this and several other countries for less than 20¢. Full decks authentic railroad playing cards also available. I buy new, used, or broken decks of railroad cards. Send stamp for list and prices. Margaret Meyer, 67 Hall St., Akron, Ohio 44303.

DONALD MOTE, 8546 Brunswick, Riverside, Calif. 92504, book Who's Who in Railroading, Simmons-Boardman, 1946, sell or trade for steam model equip. Best offer accepted.

PHIL COFFEY, 185 Mallard Dr., Rochester, N.Y. 14622, sells duplicate 35mm Kodak slides of LV, B&O, EL, others. 50¢ for sample and list.

ED CONKLIN, 5 King Arthur's Court, St. James, N.Y. 11780, sells PA-1 builder's plate, ALCO-GE PB-1, RS-3, S-3, EMD F-3, F-7; lanterns PRR; NYC railroadiana. (SSE)

LONG ISLAND: Unusual slide set #L-1 includes double-deck MU, FM H16-44, FM CPA24-5. Monongahela Railway set #M-1 includes 2 different Baldwin RF-16's. Each 5-slide set, $1.75. —Larry Eastwood, Box 41, Huntingdon Valley, Pa. 19006.

BOB YANOSEY, 40 Hendel Ave., North Arlington, N.J. 07032, has top quality original negatives of eastern diesels for sale on approval basis. (SSE)

CHARLES D. ANDERSON, 1303 Smith, Worthington, Minn. 56187, buy, sell, trade railroad china, silver, glassware, linens, and playing cards. Swap lists or send SSE for mine.

AMTRAK Car Listing of 200 of first refurbished passenger cars presently operating in New Amtrak paint scheme, includes names, numbers, car types, builders, and builder's dates, $1 postpaid.—Bruce Steinhoff, 11839 Edgewater Dr., Lakewood, Ohio 44107.

L.F. BEAIRD, 1408 Hawthorne, Baytown, Texas 77520, sells steam, short line railroad, 60-minute cassette tapes, $5 postpaid. Send SSE for information.

WANTED: photos, negatives, and slides of passenger conductors, brakemen, and flagmen in full uniform: portraits, groups, scenes; 11 eras, all U.S. and Canadian roads.—R.P. Fitzgerald, 603 Woodland Dr., Havertown, Pa. 19083.

GARY BLAUERT, 4953 E. Iliff Ave., Denver, Colo. 80222, needs information concerning Northwestern or Northeastern sawmills for modeling purposes. Anyone interested, please advise. I'm really in the dark on this subject.

WILLIAM L. SEIGFORD, 122 Mayfield Dr., Lititz, Pa. 17543, will pay top dollar for 1929 PRR wall-size calendar or trade for other years. Also wants old train and trolley postcards and old railroad lanterns; also wants Marklin 3-rail HO equipment.

FOR SALE: Historical Railroad Lanterns book, $6, postcard. Order from author, A.S. Burkhalter, P.O. Box 41, Winchester, Tenn. 37398.

H. MCCLURE, 66 Oakdale Dr., Centerport, N.Y. 11721, will buy one 3¼" lantern globe marked I.C. R.R. and one 3¼" marked C. & E.I., any color.

JIM HERTZOG, 176 Seem St., Emmaus, Pa. 18049, buys any color diesel slides LHR, LNE, and original first-generation color slides of CNJ, LV, RDG.

COLOR SLIDES: trams in 10 Scandinavian cities, Switzerland, Germany; steam in Germany, Denmark, England, Switzerland; Scandinavian steam museums. SSE for list,—DAKO Slides, Box 464, Nashua, N.H. 03060.

FOR SALE: back issue Railroad and Trains magazines. Send SSE for list.—Robert E. Padgett, 1459 Miner Circle, Endicott, N.Y. 13760.

WINDY LAKE & PINEBUSH RY., P.O. Box 221, Truro, N.S., Canada, will sell Locomotive Engineers Journal (52 copies), rare dates, 1893 to 1907; best offer accepted.

BUILDER PLATE auction. Variety of Baldwin, Alco, Heisler, Porter, Davenport, etc. Large SSE for list.—R.H. Lehmuth, P.O. Box 621, San Pedro, Calif. 90733.

RAILFAN ADAGRAM: For railfans who buy, sell, trade railroadiana, models, negs., slides, pix. Free ads; loco diagram in each issue. 8¢ stamp for sample. Box 147, Greenfield Center, N.Y. 12833.

STEAM and diesel action photos. N&W, B&O, PRR, C&O, SOU, BC&G, VBR, many others. 5x7 to 11x14. List 25¢; list and sample 75¢.—Bill Warden, 1216 Shamrock Lane, Waynesboro, Va. 22980.

ALLEN SHARP, 100 Shennecossett Pkwy., Groton, Conn. 06340, has many listings, railroadiana for sale. Official Guides 1960-'70, also few in '40's and '50's. Pathfinder guides, maps, 1869 Snow's Pathfinder Guide; 1895 People's Guide (N.Y. State). Rathbone Guides: New London, Norwich, Conn; tickets, MEC, B&M, CV, etc. Extensive sale public, employee timetables; trolley timetables; many old railroad published tourist guides; rulebooks, other RR books; technical manuals; also steamship, airline, and bus old timetables. NYHN&H, PRR, NYC, CPR, CNR cloth towels. (No hardware) Also have old passes, Equipment Registers, annual Commissioners reports. Stocks and bonds, certificates, coupons, misc. railroadiana. Each list 50¢. Please state specific RR and interest.

RARE railroadiana: 1885 coach hardware. Jackson & Sharp 4-light clerestory windows, (mahagony with amber glass), keys, lamps, lanterns, oilcans, tallowpots, torches, flagcases, validators, diner silver, sealing wax, torches, marker lights, interurban head lamps, etc. PRR, PC, ERIE, NYC, Wabash, FEC B&M, CB&Q, NYC&STL, Seaboard, B&LE, IC, L&N, CofGA, BN, AT&SF, GN, NP, C&O, B&O, MOPAC, many more. Illustrated list, see what you are buying. Send large SSE for list.—Cedar Valley, P.O. Box 7255, Fort Wayne, Ind. 46807.

SLIDE SETS. Specializing in Narrow gage; also standard gage steam, diesel, and electric; Canada, N.S., and Mexico. Catalog and two sample slides, $1.—Paul Orlow Rte. 1, Box 370, Evergreen, Colo. 80439.

T. BRANDT, 116 W. James Way, Cary, Ill. 60013, buys any switch and coach keys. Interested in any Soo Line railroadiana. Send your list and prices.

SELLING a group of original dispatcher's trainsheets with Casey Jones running on them 1893 to 1895. Also reproductions of pictures and other items in my Jones collection. Write for list.—Bruce Gurner, Rte. 3, Water Valley, Miss. 38965.

PAUL NOBLE, 1 Remsen Rd., Yonkers, N.Y. 10710, sells railroad color pix from A-Amtrak GG-1 to P-Pennsy freight and m. of w. 8-page list, 25¢ and large SSE.

12 DIFFERENT railroad pencils, $2.50. Keystone Pennsylvania Railroad vegetable dish or boullion cup, each $9. Kansas City Southern, also Chesapeake & Ohio, also Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Adlake switchmen's kerosene lanterns; mint condition only; red, green, yellow clear globes, ea. $19.50 pps. Boxed set Chessie System playing cards, $6. Deck Pennsylvania Railroad playing cards, $4.—John Stone, 6810 Chambers Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44105.

RARE mosaic B&O emblems, used to casy into bridges and overpasses, blue and white, 3 feet in diameter, 4 inches thick, $160 plus freight. Send 50¢ for history and three-color photos of these emblems.—Earley Studio, Inc., 8707 East Quarry St., Manassas, Va. 22110.

FOR SALE: I.C.S. books on steam locomotives, mint condition. (SSE)—Jack Fesco, 4309 Edenhurst Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90039.

WANTED: Texas & Pacific magazines published 1913-'14. Also pictures of trains at the Highland Park and University Park stations in Dallas.—Jack Harris, 4001 Hall, Dallas, Texas 75219.

S. DOWNEY, P.O. Box 3477, Hialeah, Fla. 33013, wishes to trade 35mm loco slides of his area for those of Pacific Northwest.

BOB SMALARZ, 13702 Eastwood, Detroit, Mich. 48205, wishes to trade 35mm loco slides of his area for those of other areas.

Model Trading Post

DAN BOWER, 334 Roley St., Belle Vernon, Pa. 15012, wants a Pennsylvania H-class (2-8-0) in HO scale, good condition; give details.

FRED HARRIS, 2234 Debco Dr., San Diego 92045. Electric trains are my hobby. I collect Lionel, American Flyer, Ives, etc. (operating or not). Will buy engines, cars, accessories, catalogues, etc. ●

Pen Pals Wanted

(No charge for Pen Pal listing)

Gerald Fralle (39), 10 Quartz St., Gunnison, Colo. 81230, wants girl pen pals interested in U.S. or Mexican railroads.

Joe Lava (16), Box 6205, Sheridan, Wyo. 98201, seeks pen pals interested in CB&Q and old GN and NP.

R. Sowler, 5 W. Furling, Kettering, Northants, England, wants to hear from fans familiar with Baldwin and Alco construction numbers.

Evelyn Patiga (25), c/o 733 V. Rama Ave., Cebu City, Philippines.

Mrs. Zelma Trantham Harwood, 504 N. 25th Ave., Yakima, Wash. 98002, wants to locate uncle, Horace D. Brooks, age about 63, last heard from in 1948 on West Coast.

Nancy Hayes (22), R.R. 2, Kell, Illinois, wants male pen pals.

Gary Sturm (22), R.R. 3, Box 5, Elkhart, Ind. 46514, wants to hear from picture-taking railfans.

Peter B. Roach (26), 44 Park St., Pascoe Vale, Victoria 3044, Australia, will correspond with anyone about North American railroads.

Debbie Bookhout (18), 221 S. Franklin St., Salem, Illinois 62881, wants male pen pals.

John P. O'Gara, M.D., Nebraska Methodist Hospital, 8303 Dodge St., Omaha, Neb. 68137, seeks address of Robt. P. Olmstead, who writes occasionally for Railroad Magazine.

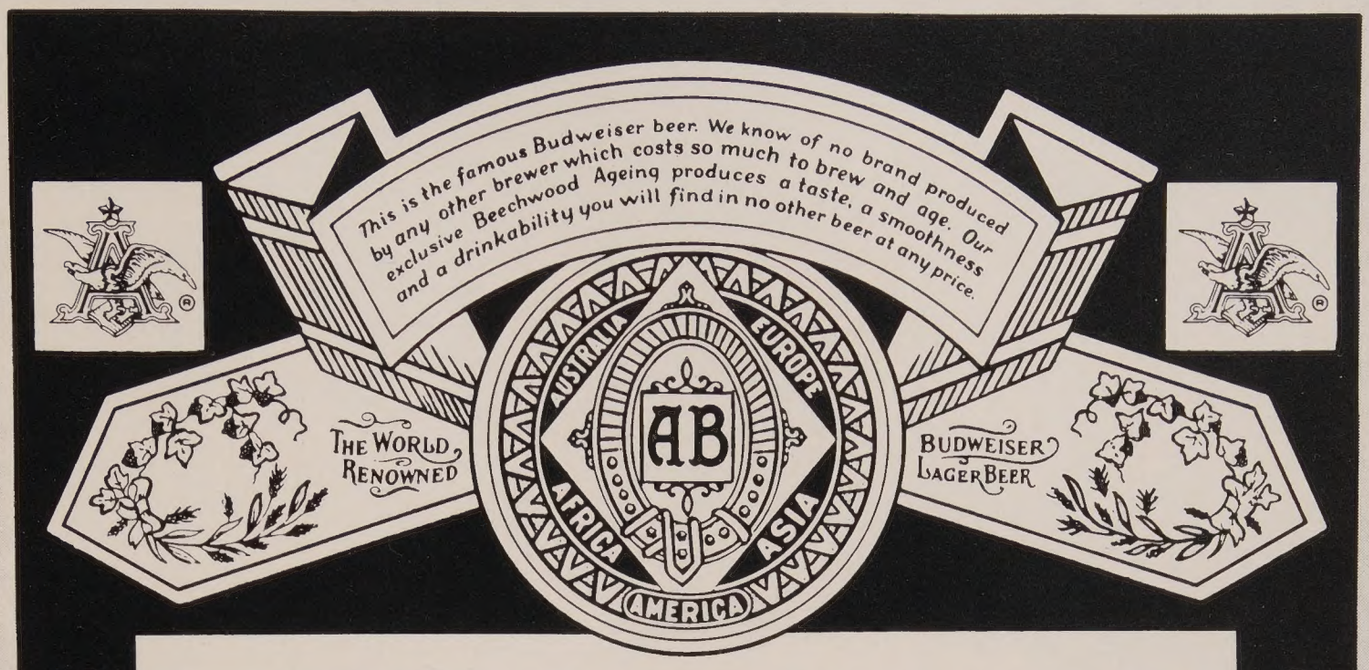
Jim Thompson (24), B&O section foreman on St. Louis Div., Odin, Illinois, wants to hear from female railfans.

Gloria Inoferio, Angathan, Dumaguete City, Philippines.

S.R. Juan Silva, S. del Carril, 1880, Santa Fe, Argentina, South America (locomotive engineer and school teacher), needs steam photos and rr. books and magazines for his classes. (He reads and writes English.) ●

Roster Corrections

Additional information for our Delaware & Hudson roster (April '73 comes from George R. Silcott. Note 12 should read: 3024, 3031, 3032 were sold to the New York Central (6/18/65). Parts of these locomotives were used to repair NYC 8505, 851, and 869, which were renumbered NYC 9605, 9704, 9705; then PC 9605, 9704, 9705. The remains of 3031 was sold by the NYC to GE, then to George R. Silcott, then to the Monongahela Connecting for conversion to slug 177. ●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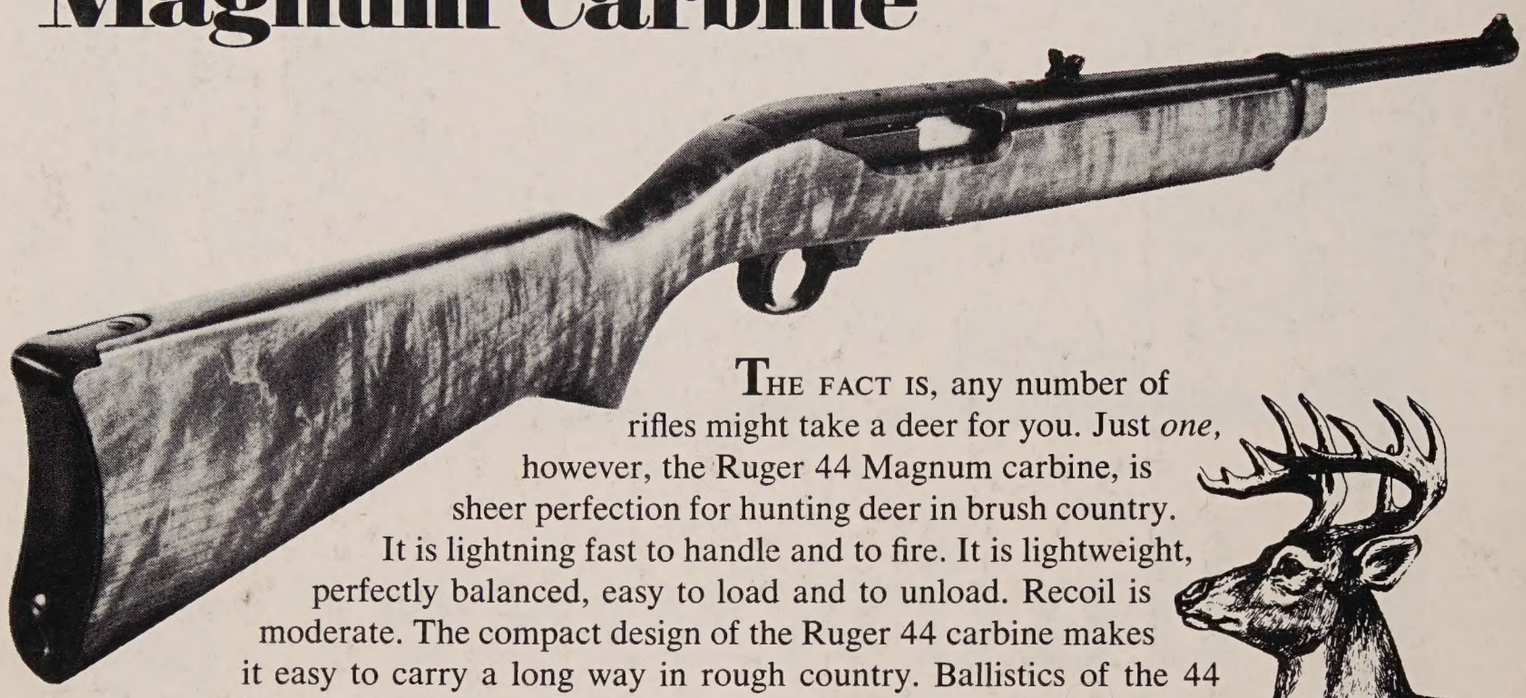

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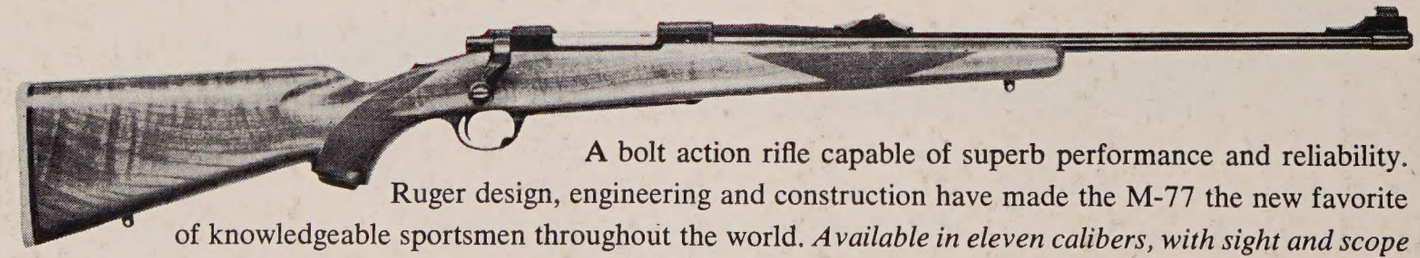

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